Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 21, 1835. Whole No. 747.

THE FRESHET.

BY T. V. BUSH.

Now! and no fleecy cloud
Is drifting in the sky;
The breezes hardly whisper loud,
As they their sally by;
Silence broods upon the hills,
The changing forest hues,
And mingles with the flow of the soft-gliding rills.

Ever and the arching skies,
In robes of glory drest,
Are gorgeous with the myriad dies
That stain the golden west;
Still the shifting purple gleams
Color the flowing streams;
The broad sea shines like fire beneath the sun's red beams.

But not a single star
Rises to gem the night;
The pale moon from her cloud veiled car,
Sheds not a beam of light;
Sweeping swiftly to the shore,
The sullen surges roar;
And the dark shades of storm are gathering more and more!

The rising waters swell,
The rivers overflow,
The mountain streams, through field and fell,
In foaming torrents go;
And by the earliest ray,
That brings the golden day,
The sleeper's humble home the waters sweep away.

"Quick, quick, my boy, thy hand!"
The fails are yawning wont;
But they will safely reach the land,
For the child knows not fear;
And the ever-living Power,
That rules the storm to lower,
Will shelter them and save at this most awful hour!

From Atkinson's Casket.

DOCTOR MAC BRIDE;

Or, the Fortunes of the Fair Adelaide.

BY THE MILFORD BARD.

Ah, say not virtue's path is steep,
And all who enter there must weep;
For they alone, can truly know
The joys that from affection flow
To those alone—the joy is given
To taste on earth the hopes of Heaven;
And know there is an arm to save
Beyond the confines of the grave.

There is no man, says Dr. Johnson, so vicious as not to possess some virtue, and none so virtuous as not to be stained by some vice. The following narrative will exemplify the above aphorism, and show how opposite principles and passions may sway the same heart alternately, and how evil propensities may follow the commission of noble and generous deeds.

It was at that epoch of American history, when the torch of civil war was about to be lighted in these colonies, when the ship Hampden was fitted out at Portsmouth, in England, to bear some officers and despatches to these shores. Among the passengers necessary to be known, was Mr. St. John Clare, his lady, a remarkable handsome woman, and their little daughter, Adelaide St. Clare, an or eight years of age. There was also a young lady among the cabin passengers habited as a nun, and said to be of the Franciscan order, who was moody and retired in her habits, and but seldom heard to speak. A young Scotsman was also among the number, whom they called Dr. Mac Bride, of an eccentric and original cast, who always believed if he got the last word in an argument that he was triumphant in the controversy, and never would give up the point he had once defended, though it were proven by mathematical demonstration to be wrong. His creed was to do unto others as they did unto him, though he did not act always up to that, and his favorite maxim was, that "even sin burnt till they are tempted free the guide path." Dr. Mac Bride, though but little beyond the age of legal maturity, was a man of extensive learning and acquirements, and was possessed of talents of no ordinary order. He was master of the classics, conversed fluently on the philosophy of the ancient Greeks, and was versed in the literature of every age and country.

The ship was now ready to sail. Those who have never witnessed the parting of friends on such an occasion, know little of the feelings of mingled hope and fear, and of the anguish of separation. The sailors were silently shaking hands with their wives, while a big tear was ably wiped away. Many friends were crowding the ship's deck to bid, perhaps, an eternal farewell to those of the passengers whom they had long loved, and to whom they were bound by the ties of blood. Some embraced each other and wept in frantic grief, while others gazed with a melancholy look, gazed long and sorrowfully in the faces of their friends, as though they were fearful that the ship would bear away from them the remembrance of their features. Some of the passengers were emigrants, who never expected to return, or tread again the shores which had so long been familiar to their youthful eyes, and which held the dust of their ancestors in rest. To these parting was doubly painful, for if the ocean snared them, time would not, and their graves would be in a far foreign land, unseen and unwept over by the friends they were leaving. A thousand ideas crowded into their minds, they thought of the vast unbounded ocean where a single plank alone would separate them from their grave—they thought of storm and tempest, and the black hell, here, and of the far forest to which they were journeying—where the howl of the wolf and panther, and the yell of the still more savage Indian would, perhaps, break upon their ears, when midnight glittered with the burning cabin of the defenceless pilgrim. Such were the musings of those who stood on the deck, after the first burst of feeling had subsided. All on board were surrounded by their friends, save Mr. St. John Clare and his exquisitely beautiful wife and daughter. None came to bid them farewell, and their eyes alone were dry in the farewell scene.

The parting was over—the weeping friends had left the deck to gaze upon the receding ship as she bore from their embrace the beloved of their hearts, the breeze was curling the white waves, and bearing the lofty bark over the bosom of the unbounded ocean. As the ship gracefully moved off, each moment increasing her speed, every eye on board, save that of St. John, was turned tearfully towards the fast fading shores of their native land. As one object disappeared in the dim distance, the greedy eye was fixed upon another—and thus they stood till the shades of night shut out from their view, every trace of old England. All then retired to muse upon the past, and meditate upon the unbounded hopes before them, while memory busied herself in treasuring up every moment and memorial of affection. Every moment was silent, save that of Dr. Mac Bride, who was ever moralizing on events, and fitting his aphorisms to circumstances. Ever and anon he applied to his snuff-box for refreshment and thumb, and after regaling his olfactory nerves plentifully, dealt the while in similes and comparisons.

"Parting with old England," said he, "is like the soul when it takes leave of the body, and sad fain both look on the receding things of life true which it must part."

The passengers were not long in discovering that Mr. St. John was an unhappy man; and Dr. Mac Bride soon made the discovery which all concerned in, that Mrs. St. John Clare was extremely beautiful, and every way worthy to be beloved. Her husband spent most of his time upon deck, and seldom was seen in conversation with his wife. On the tenth night of the voyage, he was surprised sitting at her side in the ladies' cabin with her hand in his, and both weeping. He was heard to exclaim, with a manner and voice that indicated great wretchedness—

"Oh! had I even for better had it never happened, for anguish and disappointment, doubt and despair, have since been my attendants since that fatal hour."

"Say not so," returned the beautiful wife, "the fault has been mine as well as thine."

The conversation here ended; and no one knew the import of those ominous words which had been spoken. St. John walked the deck all night with folded arms, apparently lost to every thing around him. The amiable despondion of the little Adelaide, had won the heart of Dr. Mac Bride; and she spent much of her time upon his knee, listening to his moral precepts and stories of auld Scotia. She was a lovely child, inheriting the Grecian cast of features that distinguished her mother, and also the outline of her exquisite form. The child became attached to Dr. Mac Bride; for we naturally love those that love us—and every day she walked the deck with him, or sat under the shadow of a sail, to mark the evening sun as he went down in an ocean of gold, or to listen to the Scottish songs which the Doctor sung to her in the mellowy of his native tongue. At such moments the nun, who called herself sister Agnes, would linger near apparently to listen, gazing the while with a fixed and melancholy stare on the features of the child.

It was a fine bright morning in June, the ship had been at sea fourteen days. The sun was just rising like a shield of fire; the broad bosom of the waters was calm, and a soft south breeze only fanned the cheeks of those, who, after breakfast, were lounging about on the quarter-deck. The sailors were talking among themselves, and predicting stormy weather, from the great calm which had continued twenty-four hours. Dr. Mac Bride was just ascending the stairway of the cabin, in search of his little favorite, Adelaide, when the awful cry of "a child overboard," passed from one to another all over the ship. The little creature sprang to the side of the ship, and saw her favorite, Adelaide, in imminent danger. Her clothes filled with air, bore her upon the surface of the waters; but the greatest danger was from a monstrous shark which was rapidly approaching its prey. A breath was horror held all on board inactive, save Dr. Mac Bride, who seized a small sword that lay on the poop of the vessel, and with one bound sprang overboard. The piteous cries of Adelaide brought her mother on deck, who, on seeing the awful situation of her child, swooned and fell in the arms of Captain De Lancy. Every eye was fixed on the huge monster of the deep as it rolled along towards the child, and expected every moment that his awful paws would be extended to take in the fair form of the lovely child. But at the very moment that Dr. Mac Bride reached Adelaide, the shark turned upon its side to give the fatal wound, which he saw, and seized the opportunity as he drew her from the spot, to plunge the sword into its bowels. The shark left the wound and wheeled off, colouring the clear water with his blood. In the meantime, the horrified spectators made many ineffectual attempts to throw a rope, and at last succeeded, which Dr Mac Bride immediately made fast round the body of Adelaide. Scarcely had he accomplished his object, ere the shark reappeared accompanied by another. The alarmed sailors drew upon the rope; and the wounded fish, as though also of his antagonist, followed the child. Just as they were raising her from the water, the shark made a despairing plunge, with extended jaws, and every one on deck re eained with terror; for they expected the child would be eaten in two; but at that moment, the Scottish hero plunged his weapon to the hilt down the creature's throat, which gnashed its teeth and snapped the sword. It sunk immediately, and a shout rose from the ship; but it was of short duration, for they saw the second shark within a few feet of the almost exhausted hero. The child was drawn up, and restored to the frantic mother's arms; and the sailors were busily employed in launching one of the ship's boats. They would, however, evidently be too late, and the only alternative for the Doctor was to fight again or perish, and become the prey of one of the most voracious of all the demons that swim the deep. He did fight, for he drew from his pocket a long Spanish knife, which opened with a spring, thrust it into the side of the fish, then diving under it, plunged the knife to the hilt in the animal's abdomen. He, however, lost his hold, and the shark wheeled away with the knife still in the wound. The shark now squeezed more desperately, and the daring hero evidently would have lost his life, had not the sailors launched the boat without further delay. A few minutes more would have sealed his doom, for he was defenceless and in a state of exhaustion. The boat reached him at the moment he was about to sink from the loss of blood, for in the contest he had cut an artery in his hand. He was taken on board, amid the congratulations of all the crew and passengers, save the solitary sister Agnes and Mr. St. John Clare. They alone were silent, while all the rest were rejoicing and praising the valour of the dauntless hero. A fever followed—and Dr. Mac Bride was confined for several days, attended by the fair little Adelaide, whose heart, though young, was grateful to the man who had rescued her from a horrible death.

When the generous Scotsman had recovered, he was anxious to know how the child came overboard, as it seemed to him impossible that she could have fallen over. The child had been so alarmed that she had forgotten everything, save that she was standing by the nun, sister Agnes, and it seemed as if some one pushed her over, or as if something fell against her. Many on board believed the nun to be partially deranged, for she had been seen frequently weeping and acting in a very strange manner. Some believed her guilty of pushing the child overboard, and imagined that she had committed some dread deed in the Convent, and had fled from the punishment that awaited her. To all their enquiries concerning her former history she was silent, and pertinaciously refused to answer whether she was guilty of the last named deed or not. Mystery still shrouded the heartless and hellish act.

On the last night of June, all had retired to rest, save the necessary watch on deck, and slumber was fast stealing over their senses, when the awful cry of "murder" proceeded from the birth in which Mr. St. John Clare was sleeping. Several rushed to the birth, and found him sitting upright, his eyes glaring with terror, and declaring that he had been seized by the throat by a delicate hand, and that he felt a weapon as he grasped his antagonist. Suspicion immediately fell upon the nun; but in returning to the lady's cabin they found her fast asleep in a birth opposite to that in which Mrs. St. John Clare slept. As St. John was a singular and abstracted being, it was suggested that he had been dreaming—or that it was the effect of fancy or a morbid mind, though he firmly maintained that it was the truth and no fiction.

The excitement after some hours subsided, and all retired to rest, save St. John, who walked the deck all night. The next day many enquiries were made, but no information elicited, and the matter was treated as a fiction, and promptly laughed into contempt. The next night came—the circumstance was forgotten, and all retired to rest as usual, save Mr. St. John Clare, who rendered an spending the night on deck. About the middle watch of the night, the cry of female distress was heard, and a rush was made to the ladies' cabin, where the beautiful Mrs. St. John Clare was found weltering in her blood, having been stabbed with a dagger while asleep. The fatal instrument had been drawn from the sheath of which, were found in faint characters, the initials J. C. It was supposed at first, from her having been seen in tears the evening previous, that she had herself committed the rash deed; but it was finally agreed that the dagger belonged to Mr. St. John Clare, as the initials stood for no other name, save that of his wife, Josephine St. John Clare, and she solemnly declared that the hand which swayed the dagger was not her's. It was proven by the watch on deck, that her husband had been in the cabin but a short time before, and that his manner appeared wild and distressed. It was proven that the sun had not been in her birth that night, and that she ran with others into the cabin when the alarm was given. Mrs. St. John Clare testified that she could not see the person; but that the arm which struck the blow had on it either a shirt or a woman's dress sleeve—she could not distinguish which in the dark. It was found that St. John Clare was in his shirt sleeves, and that Sister Agnes wore no sleeves at all. As a further proof, it was found that St. John Clare's shirt sleeve had on it a stain like that of blood. All believed him guilty; and he was accordingly loaded with irons and secured.

Every heart melted with sorrow, as the passengers stood round and gazed on the beautiful sufferer who lay bleeding before them. Her luxuriant hair was scattered in curls over her ivory arms and her bosom white as snow, and her face was pale, the rose having fled from her cheek; but she did not appear alarmed at her awful situation. She calmly disposed her fascinating form and crossed her small white hands to die, as the spectators turned from the sufferer in tears.

"At what an unfortunate, what an unhappy woman I have been," she exclaimed, when all had left her but Dr. Mac Bride, whom she looked upon as her only friend—"but death will soon put a period to my wanderings and my woes, and save me from the misery and regret which has so long preyed upon my heart. Little do the parents of my youth know the situation of their dying daughter. They are now, perhaps, revelling in their sumptuous and princely halls in England, while their poor forsaken and undone daughter pines on the border of the grave, far, far from her native land and the scenes of her happy childhood. Oh that I were now the gay and giddy girl I was when I wandered in my native groves and the park of Woodland Abbey, ere love had won my heart, and charmed me from the abode of peace. Ah and has been my fate and that of my unfortunate sister."

Dr. Mac Bride turned his face from the highborn and beautiful sufferer and dropped a tear. She marked it with a look of gratitude, and taking his hand between both her's, continued—

"You have saved my darling child, and have thereby not only entitled yourself to my eternal gratitude, but to my confidence and esteem. I shall therefore confide to you the story of my misfortunes, which you are will soon terminate in your presence, here on the lonely ocean, far from the scene of their commencement, where I spent some of the happiest and some of the most miserable moments of my life. Sir Charles Bland, who still resides during a part of the year at his seat, called Woodland Abbey, in the neighborhood of London, is my father. He had two daughters, myself and Clara, on whom he lavished every accomplishment which wealth could command. We grew up to the age of fifteen, for we were twins and were remarkable for our gentleness of disposition and mildness of temper. My father determined on sending me as well as my sister to a famous school in London, conducted by a French lady, Mademoiselle d'Aranville. I had not been there long, ere I was introduced to a young lord of nineteen, Sir Jean Clare, to whom I soon became attached, and who loved me with a devotion which death alone could have obliterated. A year of unalloyed happiness passed away, when Mad'moiselle d'Aranville introduced two gentlemen, the one Mr. St. John Clare, a cousin to the former, and Mr. Henry Legendre. The latter addressed my sister Clara, and the former myself, aided by Mademoiselle d'Aranville, who gave them every opportunity to see us, and urged us to accept of their offers of marriage, decreasing on the cruelty of our parents and the pleasures of a romantic elopement. Vows of unutterable attachment had passed between Sir Jean Clare and myself, yet in an evil moment, and while he was absent from London, I and my sister were prevailed upon to accept the proposals of two men who were represented to be rich and accomplished. My father's estate was not large, and we determined upon the measure, as it would bring immense supposed wealth into the family. It was on a beautiful moonlight evening, in summer, that we started from London to Bath, where the ceremony was to be performed. When we arrived everything appeared to be in readiness, and on a few minutes the nuptial vows were over, which wedded us both to misery. Never shall I forget the hour when our horses drew up at Woodland Abbey. The gates of our paternal home were closed against us, and a servant, the menial of our infancy, informed us with tears in her eyes, that we were disinherited and forever disowned; and that we could cross the threshold no more. Oh, if would have given a thousand worlds to have fallen at the feet of my mother and begged her forgiveness. We turned away with tears from the home of childhood, now closed forever against us. We were soon informed that our elopement had created great sensation in London; and that Sir Jean Clare was in unison determined that he had determined to take our lives at first sight. In consideration we turned to the North of England, and there settled down in poverty, for our dreams of wealth had vanished. Legendre and my husband followed the business of smugglers, trading with Holland and France—and here two or three years of wretched suspense ensued, every moment dreading a discovery. But there was a discovery to be made infinitely more agonizing. Legendre in his trip to France, had paid his addresses to a young girl in Calais, possessed of considerable fortune; and the story now came to my sister's ears, that her marriage with Legendre was but a hoax, and that the priest who performed the ceremony was made for the occasion, and consequently that the marriage was null and void. The conviction flashed upon my brain that I too had been the dupe of a designing man, and freezy seized me. I flew to my husband and implored him to tell me all, but he refused, till worn out with importunity he confessed that we had both been deceived, and that neither marriage was binding. Oh, God! who can conceive the anguish of that hour! Legendre was preparing to leave Clara, on his travel to London, and fleeing to Calais, where he was immediately to marry Mademoiselle Antoinette Le Bondoire. Despair sat upon the brow of my sister, and distraction gleamed from her eyes; for she had been passionately attached to Legendre. The timid, the gentle and confiding Clara was instantly transformed into a heroine. She knew the road Legendre would take, and leaving town, she secreted herself among the foliage and shrubbery which skirted the bank of a mill-dam. She had been there but an hour, when she saw him approaching in single carriage, alone. At the moment the horse came opposite to the spot on which she lay concealed, she sprang forward, levelled a pistol, and without saying a word, fired. The ball penetrated the victim's breast; the horse reared and plunged, and wheeled the carriage off the dam, and threw Legendre into deep water, where the spark of life that remained to him was extinguished. Calmly she returned to her own home, locked herself in her room, and put an end to her own existence with a second pistol. In looking over the papers of the deceased, the authorities discovered that he had been a smuggler of contraband goods; and my husband fearing a like discovery concerning himself, fled to London, taking me and this child with him. Scarcely had we arrived in London, e e we heard that the Baronet, Sir Jean Clare, was in pursuit of us, and my husband supposing that he had heard of his character as a smuggler, immediately took passage on board this ship bound for the shores of America. The remaining melancholy part of my history you have witnessed, and you will agree that I am the child of misfortune."

Dr. Mac Bride gazed on the pale features of the dying beauty, and wept when she pressed her child and addressed it in the language of a mother's undying affection.

"The winds are high to-night," said the sufferer, "and the ocean madly lashes the tossing ship. I shall die amid storms and tempests, and never again shall my feet press the shores of England or the threshold of that home from which, like Eve, I have been forever driven." Here she wept for some time.

"And my child, my poor child," she at length continued, "what hand will lead her to the pleasant ways of virtue, and shield her from the misfortunes which have brought her mother to the grave in the morning of her youth. Oh take and cherish——"

A gush of blood came from the wound—the words died upon her lips—her impulse fluttered—her cheek assumed an ashy paleness, and the unhappy mother was no more. Many a stern eye shed a tear over the beautiful form of her who had thus pined and thus had perished. She had indeed died amid storm and darkness, and every moment the wind increased, coming in fitful blasts and sudden gusts, while the surges of the sounding ocean beat with fury against the ship. The moon was hid in a dense mass of black cloud, and there was only light enough to discern the boiling billows of the ocean, and the dreadful dangers to which they were exposed. The sailors were busily engaged in reefing the sails, and alarm was visibly depicted on the countenances of those who were familiar with the dangers of the sea. Every hour the storm increased, and sent the ship onward with a velocity like that of a bird. Day dawned upon the dark and dreadful bosom of the deep—the storm alternately subsided, and then became more furious than before, and thus the day passed, and night again set in with a repetition of the horrors that had distinguished the preceding.

None but those who have witnessed a storm at sea, can have any conception of the awful sublimity, of the terrific grandeur which it presents; the waves, white with foam, running and roaring like lions over the great desert of the deep, and the ship dancing like a feather between *two mighty walls of water (for such the billows appear)* which threaten every moment to roll over her and bury her forever in the dark abyss. A plank alone divides the watery habitation from a world of [illegible] in the darkness of night on the wide waste of the waters, with a broken spar alone to bear you upon its bosom.

About midnight the storm had reached its utmost fury, and the captain found the ship in the neighborhood of rocky shoals. It was a quarter past twelve when the ship struck with a force that seemed to start every timber, and she appeared to leap entirely out of the boiling sea, having been driven against the rock with such great velocity. *Immediately she shot into* ten fathoms water, and was found to leak like a riddle. The cry of terror ran over the ship, and consternation pulsed every arm. With a voice of awful import, the captain informed the passengers that the ship would soon sink, and ordered the gig and longboat to be launched as soon as possible. Poor little Adelaide was in the cabin calling upon the name of her dead mother, when the first boat was got over the side of the ship. Confusion reigned, and the boat would have been sunk by the number of persons who attempted to spring into it, had not Dr. Mac Bride seized a cutlass, and by order of the captain prevented them from getting in. Several fell into the foaming sea, and plead with nature's eloquence to be taken up, but the boat receded from them. The long-boat filled with the crew, had gone off in another direction, and still there were some left to perish on the wreck. Ah, who can conceive their feelings as they wildly stretch their arms, and in vain implore protection. Dr. Mac Bride in the hurry and confusion of getting the boat off, had entirely forgotten his pretty little favorite. Adelaide, and turning his eyes towards the vessel, he beheld her standing at the side of the ship, stretching out her beautiful arms towards him, and addressing him in the most heart touching terms.

"Will you not save your poor little Adelaide again?" she cried. "Will you not take her with you?"

The company declared the boat should not return to the ship, and Dr. Mac Bride hesitated.

"You will save poor little Adelaide, for she has no one to protect her now."

"Yes I will save you," said the enthusiastic Mac Bride, as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"He that dares to turn the boat," roared out one, "shall be thrown overboard."

"I will save her," cried the fearless Scotsman, "or perish in the attempt. Let any man dare to resist me and the next moment this cutlass shall free the world of a villain, whose heart is so dead to feeling, as to see innocence ready to perish without extending the hand of relief."

There is nothing in the hour of danger like a brave and determined spirit, and in this instance, it proved the rescue of an innocent and lovely child, who still stood upon the side of the ship, pleading with those who would have left her to perish in the morning of her youth and beauty.

"Save poor little Adelaide—will you save poor Adelaide?" she often repeated in a sad voice.

Dr. Mac Bride ordered the boat to be turned towards the ship, and threatened death to him who reinstured or disobeyed the order. The boat was instantly turned, and Adelaide stretched her little hands and wept with joy, as her deliverer came the second time to her rescue. In a few minutes the boat was riding almost over the deck of the sinking ship. The child was placed in the only place left in the boat, and ere she could be pushed off, the Nun, Sister Agnes, came rushing forward to get in the boat. It required all the strength of Dr. Mac Bride to prevent her.

"You cannot get in," said the Scot, "the boat will sink, and we should a' gang to the bottom."

"I will get in or die in the attempt," returned Sister Agnes sternly.

Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when the ship went down, and left them floating on the still stormy billows. The whirlpool occasioned by the sinking ship, carried the Nun out of the reach of the boat, while fortune favored the Scotsman, by throwing in his way a spar, by which he was enabled to get into the boat. A cry of distress was heard on the waste of waters; but no relief could be rendered, for the weight of another person would have sunk the boat.

The tedious hours of night gradually passed away, and morning broke brightly on the bosom of the fathomless sea, and as day-green. Not a vestige, save a few fragments remained of that floating city, and a few fragments remained of that lofty ship which lately rode triumphantly over the billows; no human form was seen, save one out in the distance. A few biscuit and a piece of bacon were all the provisions which they in the hurry to save the ship's boat, had rescued from the ship. The second mate, who had been saved upon a raft, and still no white sail appeared to view. With no provisions and burning with thirst and fever, all gave themselves up to despair, save Dr. Mac Bride, and cursed the fate of those who had perished on the wreck. On the fifth day two of the men became deranged, and raved wildly. One of them sprang overboard and was drowned, while the other died till the seventh day and expired. Adelaide lay pined till the seventh day and expired. Adelaide lay pined till the seventh day and expired. Adelaide lay pined

...t, if the landlord and waiters would not be so apt to keep a traveller as long as possible, we crossed on a walk to a great basaltic rock, precipitous on three sides, thus built by, and just upon the verge of the sea for the purpose of defence. Recording our names and our far-off homes in a book kept at the Lodge, we began to wander around the walks, running by cliffs and under trees; with a broad view of the sea, so as to make it a delightful residence.—The castle is in ruins. A fierce eagle is kept to scream. I don't know why, in the recess of one of its walls, and it is the eagle whom Wadsworth apostrophizes in one of his poems. A modern house is built here now, in which the proprietor lives, the descendant of the McDougall who was a leader engaged in the rebel wars of the last century.

Oban is a large village with a fine bay, and much trade. Here all the steamboats arrive, that go up to the western islands, and up the great Caledonian ship canal, across the country to Inverness, thus making it a point between the business of the west and east of Scotland. Three or four steamboats touch here every day. But on with the stage all this, it is one of the most difficult places in the world to get out of, after you get in, for a traveller in such a nice goose to pick, and the season for picking him so short, that the hotel keepers and opposition steamboat managers, will for up a shower or a storm on the ocean, or for all the steam out of a pocketbook's power without making up even a very face. They had us out of our senses, and would have kept us more than 24 hours, if our tongues and our legs had not done their duty in popping questions at every body, and trotting every where.—We "pottered" (isn't that the word?) with some decided Gaelic bothers about taking us to Staffa to see Fingal's cave, but they were so abominably drunk, that I at last concluded even Oban was preferable to their companionship upon the sea. We called in a barber, who in attempting to shave us, came near cutting our throats. We then took his scythe, and set-awed over our own faces, groaning inwardly at every jump "the razor" made. I happened to break the crystal of my watch. My barber told me he was a watch-maker too—and I rolled up my eyes thinking I had met a Yankee countryman of mine; and then I was fool enough to let him put a crystal in, and alas! now my poor watch has not ticked since; and the Lord knows when it will. I have not a doubt that if I had a hole in my shoes, he would have been a shoemaker also; and probably a tanner besides!

We left Oban in the evening of the 30th, in the steamboat Highlander; an old crazy, rickety concern, that has had the numb palsy a thousand times, but now perchance just gaffed a little to get a guinea or so. Soon we approached the lands and the seas that Scott has sung of in the Lord of the Isles. The fertile island of Lismore, the only fertile island here: and from which the proprietor gets an immense revenue for so small a place, was on our right. The ancient castle of Ardtornish soon appeared.

"Ardtornish on her frowning steed,
'Twixt cloud and ocean hung—
Hewn in the rock, a passage there,
Sought the dark fortress by a stair.

So strait, so high, so steep,
With pennon's waft, one valiant hand,
Might well the dizzy pass have mann'd
'Gainst hundreds armed with spear and brand,
And plunged them in the deep."

At Aros where we touched on the coast of Mull, there are the ruins of another castle, which the Lord of the Isles sometimes dwelt in, and which the clan M'Donald for a long time kept. Along on our right now was the court of Morven, so celebrated in the songs of Ossian, and on our left the hills and healthy valley of Mull. Meddlering fabrics the traveller must be dull of imagination, where thought will not rise higher and higher, as he views the havoc times has wrought, in this so emphatically the land of song. Tobermorey was at last in sight as "midnight" approached, and soon we were wandering in its streets, and clambering the huge hill that overhangs the town. The twilight was not over long; when we came down in the little cabin of the steamer, upon the benches scattered there, and snatched a sweet though disturbed sleep.

H.

Saturday Evening Post.

NOVEMBER 21, 1835.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The Mathematical Question, by H. W. shall appear next week.

"The Bachelor's Soliloquy," a parody, is on file for insertion.

"The Indian Chief," "Lines," by Clement, and the article on the Crusades, are accepted for publication.

"In Love," by A. B.; "Stanzas" by P. L. "the Stranger," by Tyro, and the articles from "Alva Lonely," we respectfully decline.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WALDIE'S LIBRARY.—Another volume of "Waldie's Select Circulating Library," will be completed in the course of a few weeks, affording to the numerous patrons of that excellent work, a valuable compilation of popular and standard literary works, at less than one-fourth of the ordinary book store prices. Accompanying the present number of the Library, there is a beautiful copperplate engraving of Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott, designed as a frontispiece embellishment for the current volume. Each number of the Library contains 16 large quarto The cover of each number is also filled with interesting reading matter, such as tales, extracts from new works, critical notices, &c.

Waldie's Library may undoubtedly be regarded as one of the cheapest literary publications now published in this country, and but few persons, we apprehend, are able to form a just estimate of the immense benefits which this and similar publications, and newspapers generally, are effecting in this country. Compare the prices of American literary publications, with the prices of foreign publications, and we at once understand the reason of the superior knowledge of the American community, on general subjects, over the inhabitants of all other countries in the known world. Public schools, seminaries and colleges, are unquestionably the principal agents in the education of the youth of our country, but it is from newspapers, and literary periodicals, that the great mass of our adult citizens, whose education in early life has been neglected, principally derive their information of men, manners and things in the literary and political world. The press, in truth, is the most powerful engine that can possibly be put in motion, with a view of disseminating knowledge, and when, as with us, the prices of literary publications, are reduced so low as to place the very best productions of talent and genius within the reach of the humblest day-labourer, it can be a matter of no surprise, that very many persons, in all classes and grades of the community, are, comparatively speaking, intelligent and well informed, and that ignorance on the ordinary public events of the day, is a sure mark of disgrace. The press should therefore be encouraged, and there ought not to be a single family in the whole Union, not in the regular receipt of one or more newspapers or literary periodicals.

WORKS OF MRS. SHERWOOD.—The twelfth volume of the uniform edition of Mrs. Sherwood's works, has just been published by the Harpers. It contains the conclusion of the Lady of the Manor, the only edition of the kind ever issued in this country. The volume is embellished with two very handsome engravings, an attraction scarcely necessary for works of such intrinsic excellence as those from the pen of Mrs. Sherwood. No well selected library should be without these twelve volumes.

AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1836.—The present is the seventh volume of this very valuable work, the only publication of the kind in the United States. It is a useful and interesting compilation of important statistical matters, and contains a vast amount of accurate information upon a great variety of topics, moral and political, domestic and foreign. The volume for 1836 embraces upwards of three hundred pages, and contains a calendar of the celestial phenomena for 1836—a miscellaneous department of about twenty pages,—a detailed history of the Government of the United States—a chapter devoted to meteorological information—notices of the individual States—list of banks, societies and newspapers in the several States—a sketch of the European governments, foreign and domestic obituary, &c. &c.

The work is published by Charles Bowen, Boston, and Denliver, jr. and Thomas, of this city.

THE BARBARY STATES.—The seventy-third number of the Family Library, just published by the Harpers, of New York, contains the History of the Present Condition of the Barbary States, comprehending a view of their civil institutions, antiquities, arts, religion, literature, commerce, agricultural and natural productions; by the Rev. Michael Russell, author of a View of Ancient and Modern Egypt; Palestine, or the Holy Land; Nubia and Abyssinia, &c. This volume, which is very interesting, and which gives information of a portion of Africa, hitherto very little known, brings the history of the Barbary powers down to the present time. It is embellished with a map of the Barbary States, and a number of illustrative word cuts.

REMINISCENCES OF NIEBUHR.—1 vol. Carey, Lea & Blanchard—This work is from the pen of Dr. Lieber, well known as the author of "Letters to Germany," and as the editor of the Encyclopedia Americana. It gives reminiscences of an intercourse with Mr. Niebuhr the celebrated historian, during a residence with him in Rome, in the years 1823 and 1823. The plan of the work is somewhat similar to that of Coleridge's table talk, and the opinions and observations recorded, evidence an extraordinary intellect, well cultivated and refined. Dr. Leiber was intimately acquainted with Niebuhr, through whose intercession he was once released from an imprisonment, the result of a political prosecution, and he is therefore well qualified to present an epitome of his opinions and principles.

VIEWS OF SWITZERLAND.—We have received number 9 of this interesting publication, containing a view of Cluse, on the Arve-Savoy; Castle and Valley of Misocco; Castle of Lemsonne, and the Place de Palud, Lausanne—all beautiful pictures and very handsomely engraved. This work richly deserves liberal patronage.

LIFE OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.—Carey & Hart have just published, an edition, in two volumes, of the Memoirs of the late Sir James Mackintosh, edited by his son, a work of which we have already spoken in favorable terms.

THURSTON TALES.—From the press of the same publishers, we have two volumes of very interesting stories, under the title of "Thurston Tales, by the author of Tales of the Arctic Ocean." They are written with spirit, and are well calculated to beguile a leisure hour.

The publication of a new monthly periodical, called "The Mirror of Literature," has been commenced at Prescott, Upper Canada, by Messrs. Beckford & Bayley. This is, we believe, the first exclusively literary publication in the Canadas. The original contents are generally pretty good, but the typography is quite indifferent. The price of the Mirror is 12s. 6d. Canada currency, per annum.

A cheap edition of the Peter Simple novels, by Captain Marryatt, is about to be published in numbers, by Mr. L. A. Godey. This will no doubt be a popular publication. See advertisement.

TROUBLE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The annexed particulars of the recent troubles on the borders of New Hampshire, are furnished by a gentleman residing on the spot. We copy from the Newburyport Herald.

COLUMBIA, N. H. Nov. 4, 1835.

All is confusion and tumult here—blood has already been spilt! You will recollect that at the last session of the New Hampshire Legislature, a law was passed, providing for the extension of the jurisdiction of this State over a territory lying at the head of Connecticut river, called Indian Stream. The inhabitants of this territory have heretofore been, in a manner, "without the law," being neither subject to Canada nor the United States.

Last week the Sheriff of this county attempted to exercise his authority under the provisions of this law, by serving a civil process upon one of the inhabitants—but, being resisted, he was obliged to call an armed force of citizens to his assistance, whereupon they made a show of submission, and the Sheriff dismissed his men; but no sooner had they retired than the people banded together, and seizing the sheriff forcibly ejected him from their territory.

As a last resort, he was then obliged to call on the militia to assist him in exercising his rightful authority; the consequence of which was, a conflict ensued, in which three of the outlaws were killed and five wounded—several of the militia were also wounded, some mortally. Such are the particulars of this affair so far as I have at present learned. The Sheriff is determined to carry the laws into effect, and the outlaws are as determined to resist—they declare they will maintain their sovereignty. What the result will be, Heaven only knows.

CENSUS OF NEW YORK.—We make the following abstract from the official returns of the persons employed to take the census of our city, just completed:

Wards.	Males.	Females.	Militia	Voters.	Aliens.	Blacks.
I	3,538	4,704	1,510	2,195	1,264	562
II	4,765	5,175	586	1,474	797	340
III	5,462	5,482	1,924	2,211	1,067	602
IV	8,664	9,757	2,955	3,158	2,413	218
V	9,401	10,009	870	2,892	2,579	1,982
VI	8,249	8,588	1,761	2,208	1,926	1,680
VII	10,091	11,401	1,720	3,511	2,232	813
VIII	12,979	15,581	2,304	4,144	3,662	2,776
IX	9,501	10,465	885	3,113	1,316	226
X	10,015	10,830	1,819	3,678	1,946	1,940
XI	12,765	13,926	2,589	4,137	3,677	209
XII	13,129	11,380	961	3,267	3,090	1,378
XIII	8,071	9,934	1,683	2,602	1,912	699
XIV	9,139	9,173	1,327	2,444	1,469	984
XV	5,583	7,321	827	1,870	1,065	940
Total	121,527	128,331	24,910	42,926	27,536	15,900

Whole population of the city, 269,873
Married females under 44, 38,257
Unmarried females between 16 and 42, 35,716
Do do under 16, 46,464
Number of marriages the past year, 1,904
Births during the past year—Male, 4,228
Female, 4,425
Deaths during the past year, Male, 3,273
Female, 2,857
Acres of improved land in the city, 4,476
Number of paupers, 1,293
Deaf and dumb persons, 175
Blind, 103
Idiots, 32
Lunatics, 170

New Yorker.

The Great Freshet.—Sam Patch out done by a western part of the state literally inundated. The Genesee River has been higher than ever before known. Immense damage has been done to bridges, dams, houses, crops, cattle, &c. from one end of it to the other. The falls in this city during the high water, presented, (in the language of one of the daily papers,) "a most magnificent spectacle. The immense volume of dark turbid water, partially broken into foam in its descent into the terrible chasm, filled the mind with emotions of indescribable solemnity. Imagination might resemble it to a dark, descending thunder cloud, interwoven and fringed with snow wreaths."

An incident connected with this flood and the Falls, is worthy of being noted: a flock of geese were on the island just above the cataract, and as the water continued to rise around them, they huddled nearer and nearer together, until only a few feet of the terra firma was left uncovered. Notwithstanding they were evidently on short allowance and far from being satisfied with appearances for the future, no resolute effort was made by them to brave the impetuous current which ran between them and the nearest shore, until two or three days of peril had elapsed, when, after pluming their wings and making every preparation in their power for the fearful experiment, some half dozen plunged into the stream. Their death like struggles hardly forced them into the current, when they seemed to give up all for lost, and turning their faces up stream resigned themselves apparently to their fate. It was an exciting moment to the spectators, as the eye followed them to the perpendicular descent of a hundred feet, and glanced with them down, as they seemed to cling in the same position to the surface of the foaming sheet of water, until the spray and boiling deep concealed them from view.

It was the identical spot where six years ago the ill-fated "Sam Patch" made his "last leap," and while thinking whether his fate would be theirs, one of the venturesome bipeds was seen to shoot out upon the surface of the smooth water below, and then another and another, until all who left the island were united in safety and made the welkin ring with their discordant notes of exultation.

"Military men in battle may be classed under three disproportionate heads,—a very small class who consider themselves insignificant—a very large class who content themselves with doing their duty, without going beyond it—and a tolerably large class who do their best, many of whom are great men without knowing it. One example in the history of a private soldier will establish all that I have advanced on the subject.—In one of the first smart actions that I was in, was a young officer in command of experienced soldiers, and therefore found himself compelled to be an observer rather than an active leader in the scene. We were engaged in a very hot skirmish, and had driven the enemy's light troops for a considerable distance with great rapidity, when we were at length stopped by some of their regiments in line, which opened such a terrific fire within a few yards, that it obliged every one to shelter himself as he best could, among the inequalities of the ground and the sprinkling of trees which the place afforded. We remained inactive for about ten minutes amidst a shower of balls that seemed to be almost like a hail-storm, and when at the very worst, and when it appeared to me to be certain death to quit the cover, a scampish fellow of the name of Peasely, at the adjoining tree, stared out from behind it, saying—'Well, I'll be d——d if I'll be *bothered* any longer behind a tree, so here's at you,' and with that he banged off his rifle in the face of his foes, reloading very deliberately, while every one right and left followed his example, while the enemy, panic-struck, took to their heels without firing another shot. The action requires no comment; the individual did not seem to be aware that he had any merit in what he did, but it is nevertheless a valuable example for those who are disposed to study causes and effects in the art of war. In that same action I saw an amusing instance of the ruling passion for sport predominate over a soldier: a rifleman near me was in the act of taking aim at a Frenchman, when a hare crossed between them; the muzzle of the rifle mechanically followed the hare in preference, and, as she was doubling into our lines, I had just time to strike up the piece with my sword before he drew the trigger, or he would most probably have shot one of our own people, for he was so intent upon his game that he lost sight of every thing else."

Random Shots from a Rifleman.

O'Connell's Wife.—The wife of the Agitator was recently toasted at a public dinner at New Castle, whereupon the husband made the following appropriate response:

"There are some topics of so sacred and sweet a nature, that they may be comprehended by those who are happy, but cannot possibly be described by any human being. All that I shall do is to thank you in the name of her who was the disinterested choice of my early youth; who was the ever cheerful companion of my manly years; and who is the sweetest solace of that "sear and yellow leaf" age at which I have arrived. In her name I thank you, and this you may readily believe; for experience, I think, will show to us all, that no man can battle and struggle with the malignant enemies of his country, unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable—unless the honey of human life is commanded by a hand that he loves."

Hats.—By a calculation made a few weeks since, we learn that the amount of hats now manufactured in the United States in one year exceeds sixteen millions of dollars. There are, it is estimated, upwards of twenty-five thousand persons employed in the business, the expense of whose labor is about seven millions of dollars.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

SUICIDE.—The Coroner reports, that Richard Bennett, an Englishman by birth, aged 73 years, committed suicide on Saturday night, at his lodgings in the American Coffee House, by discharging two pistols, one on each side of his head, and lodging a ball from each in his brain; he expired instantly.

On motion of P. Oakford, Esq. Michael K. Roche was, on Saturday last, 14th inst. admitted to practice as an Attorney of the Court of Common Pleas, for the City and County of Philadelphia.

Dr. Hugh L. Hodge was on Saturday evening elected professor of Midwifery, and of the diseases of women and children, in the University of Pennsylvania, in place of Dr. Dewees, who resigned on account of ill health.

A Mr. Isaac Maguire was accidentally killed in the vicinity of Newcastle, on Wednesday week. He fell from the shaft of a loaded wagon, and was crushed by the wheels.

Distressing Accident.—A little girl, aged nine years, named Emeline Hyzer, daughter of James Hyzer, of the Northern Liberties, while at the public school in Third above Brown street, on Tuesday afternoon, left the room, in the second story, to go of an errand. While descending the stairs, which are by no means steep, she was heard to fall, and the teacher (C. R. Eastburn) going to the head of the stairway, discovered the child at the foot, apparently much injured, and on taking her up, found her unable to speak. A physician and bleeder were sent for immediately, but their efforts proved unavailing. The child, in falling, had struck the back part of its head and fractured the skull. She expired in half an hour.

A coroner's jury was called, whose verdict was in accordance with the above fact.

Mr. William Burk, was on Monday evening, about 11 o'clock, met at the corner of Eleventh and Arch street by some persons, who knocked him down with a club and robbed him of his hat, pocket book, containing about twenty dollars, and an old silver watch. Mr. B. who lives, at No. 6 Norris's Alley, offers a reward of ten dollars for the recovery of his property.

The State Legislature will meet in Harrisburg on Tuesday the first of December. The inauguration of Mr. Ritner, the Governor elect, will take place on Tuesday, the 15th of December.

The northern lights were witnessed with admiration, by thousands of our citizens, on Tuesday night. They made a most brilliant appearance.

Sally Found.—Mrs. Royal announces, in her last paper, that her lost secretary, Sally, has returned to the Cabinet of the Paul Pry, safe and sound, but leaving the cause of her late absence still a mystery.

Duke W. Hullum, the father of one of the gamblers hung at Vicksburg, has made a moving appeal for justice on those whom he terms the "murderers of his son," to Governor Runnels of Mississippi. He appeals to the Governor to take the ordinary steps to bring those concerned to trial.

Appointment by the Governor.—Nathaniel B. Eldred, Esq. to be President Judge of the 18th Judicial District composed of the counties of Warren, Jefferson, Potter and M'Kean.

Appointment by the Governor.—Solomon Mason to be Prothonotary, Register and Recorder, Clerk of the Orphan's Court, and Clerk of the Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Bedford county, in the place of the Hon. Job Mann, resigned.

Appointment by the Canal Commissioners.—William Innes, to be Collector of Tolls for the Port of Easton, in the place of Calem Dusenberry, deceased.

Commencement of the New York and Erie Rail Road.—It is with feelings of the highest satisfaction that we announce the important intelligence, that the construction of this great work was commenced on the morning of the 7th November, instant, by breaking ground at sunrise, at the western extremity of section No. 200, on the Delaware River, in the village of Deposit.

There are 947 steam engines in France, possessing a force of 14,747 horse power—of these 144 were made abroad. A majority of all the engines are high pressure. There were on Jan. 1, 1931, ninety-five steam vessels, of which 82 are low pressure, and 59 of the whole are foreign.

It has recently been decided in Liverpool, that if a vessel does not put to sea at the time stipulated, emigrant passengers have a right to claim one shilling per day each, for every day's detention, agreeably to the 14th clause of the new passenger's regulation act.

A girl calling herself Mary Ross, died suddenly on Wednesday evening, in the southern part of the city. She was buried under the direction of the Coroner.—She had said that her relations lived in Salem county New Jersey.

The New Orleans American says that if a census was taken of that city in the winter, it would be found to contain one hundred thousand inhabitants.

Eagle Stage Line.—The mail stage from this place to the South, Hon. Charles Caldwell, contractor, left this place on Wednesday week, in an *ox cart*—a bag of salt on one side, and the big mail bag on the other—and the vacuum filled up with *notions*, like a Yankee schooner—"*long sauce* and *short sauce*." That's the next thing to a rail road. Escort—a negro and a boy about eight years of age.

Mr. the Post Office and Mail Department must present a ludicrous and beggarly spectacle, if the following announcement from the Little Rock Advocate, of the departure thence of the grand mail, be true:

We learn (says the Commercial Herald,) that the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company have for some time past used Anthracite Coal exclusively for their locomotive engines. A ton and a half of coal takes a locomotive, we understand, with a train of cars, carrying 50 tons of freight, to the inclined plane, 42 miles, and brings back a train with 100 tons. Making the steam generated by one ton equal to the conveyance of 75 tons 56 miles. They have purchased this year from the Delaware Coal Company about 3800 tons.

The Apalachicola Advertiser informs us that the population of that place since the first of August has not averaged more than *seventy* souls, and of this number *thirty-four* had fallen victims to the fever.—Not more than five persons who remained there escaped disease.

A Capital Correspondent.—Williams, our quartermaster, is an eccentric character. He is married, and constantly receives letters from his absent rib; these, however, he never opens but keeps them all tied up.—On his return, he says, she can *read them to him all of a lump.—Aulbje's Visit to Constantinople.*

A warm winter predicted.—The Alexandria Gazette says, "Weather-wise folks predict that this will be a warm winter. It is said that the abundance of mast, the growth of vegetable, and the weather up to this time are all prognostics of a winter the reverse of the last. We shall see.

"Mast," we believe, is a term applied to acorns in the south.

Among the amusements described as having recently taken place at Margate, we observe:

"Climbing up a greased pole, jumping in sacks, &c. A delicate entertainment followed: a man *naked*, except a scanty pair of drawers, ran about a ring juggling a ball, whilst several persons blindfolded end-savored to catch him. This performance, from its elegance and its display of much *natural* grace, was universally approved."

The Astor Hotel.—The New York Sun says:—The land on which the Astor Hotel stands is valued at 250,000 dollars, and nearly that sum has already been expended in the erection of the building. It will be finished next year.

Texas Volunteers.—Twenty-seven volunteers left Mobile, on the 5th inst. for Texas, in the steamboat Watchman. A great concourse of citizens accompanied them to the wharf, and on the boat casting off gave them three cheers.

Prisoners Escaped.—The Jail of Washington co. Pa. was broken, by forcing a passage through the roof, and 4 prisoners escaped therefrom, on the night of the 5th inst. Their names are Alfred and William Kelly, (confined on an aggravated case of assault and battery) Joseph Frederick and Hugh L'Comos, for larceny.

SMALL POX.—We are informed from a source entitled to the fullest credit, that a considerable number of deaths by small pox have recently occurred in this city, and that other cases are now existing. The seat of the disease is in Main street. Our weekly reports have only told us of a single case this week, and we are certain have been heretofore incorrect. The proper authorities should look to it.—*Long Island Star.*

Florida Wrecks.—It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The wreckers of Florida, will pocket large profits from the calamities which have lately befallen the bold mariner on the coral reefs of that dangerous shore. The editor of the Tallahassee Floridian who lately visited Key West, says, the shore is strewed with wrecks, and that the salvage will amount to near $200,000. Many lives were lost, several vessels sunk, with every soul on board. Among them 13 in the Pedee. The same editor imputes most of these disasters to the absence of lights on the coast, or the existence of such as serve only as dangerous decoys.

Look out for Illegal Voters.—At the recent election a stripling, apparently fourteen or fifteen years of age, presented himself at the polls as a voter. The Inspector said, "Young man, you don't pretend to be qualified to vote, do you?" "Waal, I guess I do, though," replied the young politician; "I've shaved at spell' these three months back, or so." This reply created a loud laugh, and the inspector telling him that he was too young a *shaver* to *shave* him, rejected his vote.

A Brother!—The Bangor Commercial relates, that Joseph Spencer, brother to the criminal who is now under sentence of death, immediately after the jury returned a verdict of guilty on his brother, stepped up to one of the counsel and coolly asked him who he was to look to for his fees for attending the court as a witness!

A Scene in Georgia.—A letter received at Augusta, from Milledgeville, under date of the seventh inst. says:—"To-day, in the State House, Spencer Riley, and Bishop (the Governor's agent) had a rencounter, in which Bishop shot Riley. The ball entered his chin and passed out near the socket of the jaw bone. The wound was not considered dangerous."

A Long Contract.—Mr. J. Caldwell, proprietor and manager of the New Orleans Theatre, has extended his enterprises till they have reached and included Louisville, Ky.; which city he has contracted to light with gas for thirty-six years to come.

We learn that a scoundrel entered the house No. 133 south Sixth street, on Tuesday morning, and stole from the kitchen a number of silver teaspoons. Families would do well to be on the alert, as we have heard of several instances of thievery of this description within a day or two.

The coal mines in Wythe county, Virginia, yield annually from 150 to 200 tons.—The Abingdon Statesman thinks the quantity would be much augmented, and also many other of the rich mineral resources of south western Virginia, as iron, salt, gypsum, marble, copper, &c. developed, if there was a rail road from thence to an eastern market.

A new composition for repairing roads is under trial in England. It is composed of asphaltum, adex, oxide of iron and lime, melted together in furnaces, and is called "bituminous lava." It is said to be harder than granite.

The custom of eating goose at Michaelmas, is said to have originated from queen Elizabeth, having on her way to Tilbury Fort, dined on that dish, and her usual allowance of half a pint of Burgundy, on the very day the Spanish Armada was destroyed, which event she afterwards annually celebrated by a similar repast.

The National Intelligencer says—"Governor Lucas, of Ohio, has issued a proclamation, recommending to the good people of this State the object of the Washington National Monument Society, as one 'truly worthy of a grateful nation,' and deserving of their attention and aid. We hope his example will be followed by the Chief Magistrates of all the states."

United States Bank stock sold in New York on Saturday last, at 111¼.

Monument to Perry.—A large number of patriotic citizens of Erie county recently held a meeting to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a monument to Commodore Perry.

Massachusetts.—From the returns received from this state, it is certain that Mr. Everett is elected Governor by a large majority.

The Remains of Chief Justice Marshall.—The Common Council of the city of Richmond lately passed some resolutions to be communicated to the family of the late Chief Justice, testifying their sense of the loss sustained by the country and by that city in particular, in his death, and requesting permission to erect a monument over his remains, at the expense of the city. This proposal the family of the deceased have felt bound to decline. They say in reply to the communication of the Common Council, that their father, a short time previous to his dissolution, designated the spot at which he wished to be buried, described the tomb, and wrote an inscription to be placed on it, and that they had promised a strict compliance with the request.

It is stated in a Wheeling paper, that a bridge across the Ohio river will shortly be erected at that town—the whole amount of stock in a joint company necessary to effect that object having been promptly subscribed. The same paper furnishes the interesting information, that it is contemplated to construct a Railroad from Wellsville on the west branch of the Ohio river, to Fairport on Lake Erie. Wellsville is about thirty-five miles above Wheeling—and it is quite probable, that by the time the bridge is constructed, the contemplated rail-road will not only be commenced, but far advanced—and a connecting road from Wellsville to the west end of the bridge either made or in progress.

Singular Lusus Naturæ.—In the Tarborough (N. C.) Press, there is a letter from J. Laurence, M. D. which speaks of a negro infant at his birth, "breathing full and easy, and at times crying strong, which though its body, limbs and face were well proportioned, and rather over the ordinary size, had no skull above a line drawn from the upper part of the nose by each ear, to a little above the joining of the neck and skull behind—no brain nor membrance. It was slightly excavated at the top and covered with a thin skin, a continuation of the common integuments, and there were a few sprigs of woolly hair on the back of its neck. The child lived thirty hours and some minutes, but it never sucked any thing."

Prentice-Isms.—The editor of the Bangor Republican, in reference to an alleged coalition between the whigs and anti-masons, asks "if any one can tell when the devil and Sin were married." Yes—about nine months before the birth of the editor of the Bangor Republican.

The editor of the Advertiser charges us with being a poet. The charge is unjust. We have had nothing to do with the rhyming trade since he took it up. Our readers cannot have forgotten his famous couplet:

"As certain and sure as cats do sneeze,
"The moon is made of molasses and cheese,"

He is also supposed to be the author of the annexed couplet, which is hardly less famous than the above.

"The raft went down upon the water,
"A great deal farther than it ought to.

Geographical Discoveries in Maine.—We have seen specimens of four different kinds of marble, together with several specimens of silver, lead, copper, and iron ores, lately discovered in Maine, and now exhibiting at the Mechanics Exchange in this city. We understand that a company with a capital of $600,000 had already been formed with a view to the immediate mining of these several quarries and beds. Our builders have an opportunity of getting some of this beautiful marble, &c. into use in this city.—*Mer. Adv.*

A curious wager was lately decided in France. Two men differed as to who could remain longest in the water. Both threw themselves into a running stream; and as the weather was hot, they found their positions at first rather agreeable than otherwise. After staying six hours, however, one became a little fidgetty, which the other, who was equally (of course) rolled a shilling, declared first he would not leave the water till the following morning. His opponent at once gave in.

Importation of Silk.—In a discourse lately delivered before the American Institute, it was stated that "there were annually consumed in the United States more silk than all the wheat, rye, oats, flaxseed, biscuit, potatoes and hops, which are exported will pay for, by nearly two millions of dollars." There is no doubt of the truth of the statement, and it furnishes an argument in favor of national encouragement to the culture and manufacture of silk which even sophistry cannot resist.

The Newcastle (Del.) Gazette invites the attention of capitalists to that town, "where ground is cheap, rents high, and buildings in great demand." Stores and dwelling houses are much wanted.

Capt. Timothy House.—The Boston Transcript says:—In the course of twenty-six years, has sailed in three vessels—one ship, one schooner, and one brig—600,000 miles, has fallen in with six wrecks—three capsized, one sinking, and two abandoned—and has rescued fourteen lives. He attributes accidents in most instances to carelessness or neglect of duty, and says that "all officers should keep a good look out when on deck, and not go to sleep." We agree with him entirely.

The "Register and Library of Medical and Chirurgical Science," contains an interesting account from a correspondent of an adder which actually committed suicide. The Snake had been captured and was placed under a handkerchief upon a grass plat, for the purpose of allowing its captor to see what sort of exertions it would make to escape. The adder tried its best to get clear of its confinement, but after finding every effort ineffectual, it turned to incontinently and bit itself to death.

A Rogue at Camden.—One of the light fingered gentry, probably from New York or Philadelphia, paid Camden a visit on Sunday afternoon, the 8th inst. and took lodgings for the night at one of the principal hotels. During the course of the night he relieved the breeches pockets of a fellow lodger of about sixty dollars in money, and made off, leaving behind, however, in his hurry, a valise and umbrella which he had robbed a gentleman of the preceeding evening. The fellow has not been heard of since.—*N. J. Her*

Pistol Shooting.—We learn that a Pigeon match will take place on Monday next, at ten o'clock, at the house of Thomas Jackson, formerly occupied by Samuel Tuson, Richmond Village. One hundred birds will be "let off" in the course of the morning.

We are credibly informed, says the Stamford Sentinel, that Mr. Henry M. Wood, of this town, a short time since, dug and picked up one hundred and fifty-three bushels of potatoes in one day between sun and sun, on the land of Mr. Eber Smith. He filled one cart, and the balance he emptied into two heaps.

We understand that in the case of the Commonwealth versus Col. Robert M. Lee, the jury returned into court on Wednesday afternoon with a verdict of "not guilty,"—the defendant to pay the costs. The Judge delivered his charge on Tuesday afternoon, and the Jurors could not agree until four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, and were consequently out about 24 hours.

How to get a tight ring off the finger.—Thread a needle flat in the eye with a strong thread; pass the needle under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches toward the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly, all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread, and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring, will gradually remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however, swollen the finger may be.

"Are you the man," said an American coachman to the Duke of Bernard, of Saxe Weimar, "that is to go in that carriage?" "Yes." "Then I am the gentleman that is to drive you."—*London Courier.*

New Orleans Fashions.—A stranger to New Orleans would suppose that the city abounded in gentlewomen belonging to the Society of Friends, on account of the mode of adjusting their hair. Instead of having it disposed in braids or plaited, or having it in curls or ringlets, where the loves and graces might playfully disport to decoy the affections of the admirers of beauty, our gentlewomen have it cemented with pig's fat, strained at the roots off their forehead, to give them an outlandish appearance, and then gathered behind the hollow of the occiput, in a drooping knot, fastened perhaps by a few iron pins. Although "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most," in the language of the poet, every lady is not such a beauty as to depend solely on her natural accomplishments, without displaying them to the best advantage; and no woman is ever considered orderly or useful as a housewife who is not neat in her dress. Our ladies appear to have foresworn any attention to their head gear, for few, very few, wear even caps, or have the slightest ornament.—*New Orleans paper.*

"A young girl at Cincinnati recently stabbed a negro fellow to the heart, who attempted to take liberties with her person. This is no country for Desdemonas and Othellos.

[J. J. Flournoy says he will give that young lady who stabbed the negro rascal in Cincinnati, One Hundred Dollars, as a private bounty.]"

We cut the foregoing from the Southern Whig, of October 15, printed in Athens, Georgia. The paper was sent to our office with a pen marked round the extract. We add, that the young woman was recently tried for the homicide, in our Court of Common Pleas, and acquitted. If Mr. J. J. Flournoy is really disposed to give 100 dollars, he can place it in the hands of the mayor of Cincinnati, from whom she will be sure to receive it.—*Cincinnati Daily Gaz.*

Elephant's Love of Sweetmeats.—The elephant's partiality for sweetmeats is acquired in plantations of sugar cane, and is universal. A curious instance of this attachment to confectionary, and the method pursued to gratify it in its savage state, is on record. It chanted that a cooley laden with jaggury (a coarse preparation of sugar) was surprised in a pass in the kingdom of Candy by a wild elephant. The poor fellow, intent upon saving his life, threw down the burthen, which the elephant devoured, and being pleased with the repast, determined not to allow any person egress or ingress who did not provide him with a similar banquet. The pass occurred upon one of the principal thoroughfares to the capital, and the elephant taking up a formidable position at the entrance, obliged every passenger to pay tribute. It soon became generally known that a donation of jaggery would ensure safe conduct through the guarded portal, and no one presumed to attempt the passage without the expected offering.—*Miss Robert's Scenes of Hindostan.*

The "Life" in an Oyster.—The liquor in an oyster contains incredible multitudes of small embryos, covered with little shells, perfectly transparent, swimming nimbly about. One hundred and twenty of those, in a row, would extend one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a great variety of animalcules, five hundred times less in size, which emit phosphoric light. The list of inhabitants, however, does not conclude here, for, besides the last mentioned, there are three distinct species of worm, found in oysters, half an inch in length, which shine like the glow worms. The sea-star, the cockle, and muscle, are the great enemies of the oysters. The first gets within the shell, when they gape, and suck them out.

When the tide is flowing, oysters lie with the hollow side downward, but when it ebbs, they turn on the other side. *Query*—How do those manage that are attached to rocks? Do they, like the cunning politician, go with the tide? What a moral might be drawn from the economy of the oyster! The loose ones, it seems, are always "on the fence."

FRENCH LEGAL DROLLERY.

The London police reporters have long been eminent for the oddity of their perpetrations, and their reports have become a class among literary productions. The spirit seems to have crossed the channel, and we find, now and then, some whimsical affairs in the Paris papers under the reporter's head. The following is a translation from a report in the *Constitutional* with which we were so much amused that we thought it worth an English version. Much of the point and humor is unavoidably lost in the process, but if we are not deceived, there is enough left to afford some amusement to our readers.

Bassois was brought up for practising pugilism and other improper sciences on the person of his wife. When his name was called, his visage expressed the most perfect wonder, and his features seemed to exclaim, "What? hauled up for such a trifling matter as this?"

The President. It seems that on the 20th of August you committed a violent assault upon your wife.

Bassois—with a complacent smile. I, monsieur le president! I! ill-used my wife! My dear friend, let me assure you that I am a man incapable of such an action. I will tell you the whole story. You see I'm a potter by trade, and I had been as far as Gentilly to get a load of clay—well, after that you know it was quite natural to stop in at the wine shop and rest a little, like any other decent citizen; well, in comes my wife, you see, and she and me had a glass together quite civil, and after that we set off together for home, the best friends in the world—I don't believe there was more than one cuff on the ears between us all the way home, and perhaps a kick or two—and you know that's nothing.

The President. Well, but for all your friendship, it seems that after you got home you kept on beating her, and that in the end you threw her out of a window fifteen feet from the ground.

Bassois. Fifteen! I beg pardon, monsieur le president, but it wasn't an inch more than twelve and a half. To be sure there was an area under the window, of about three feet, but that's no fault of mine, you know; besides she

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Reid, T. Bickwell, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 20, 1835.

ASHES.
Pot.....cwt. 6 25 7 00
Pearl.....7 75 8 00

BUTTER
Tub.....lb.
Extra keg, No. 1 13 14½
No. 1..... 13 14
No. 2..... 11½ 12½

COAL.
Lehigh.....ton 5 00
Schuylkill.....4 75 5 25

COFFEE, duty free.
Java..... 13 14½
St. Domingo..... 11 11½
Porto Rico..... 12 13
Cuba..... 11½ 12½
Laguira..... 12½ 13
Rio..... 11½ 12

COTTON, duty 3 cts per lb.
Tennessee..... 17 19
Mobile..... 18½ 19½
N. Ala. and Texas. 16 19
S. C. and Geo.... 15½ 19
N. C. and Va.... 15½ 19

FREIGHTS
To Pittsburgh, per canal
100 lbs..... 1 12½ 3 00

FLOUR and MEAL.
Superfine, bbl. 4 25
Fine..... 4 50
Rye..... 4 62
Making.....
Corn meal..... 4 25
do. in bbls. 10 00

GRAIN.
Rye Pa.....bu. 84 85
Rye Southern.... 84 85
Wheat Pa..... 1 28 1 30
do South bush 1 26 1 28
Corn L. white.... 62 63
do. L. C. yellow. 66 68
do U.C. round. 1 00 1 02
Oats Pa..... 40 41
Southern..... 38 41
Barley Eastern.
do. Pa..... 75 80
PEAS.
1st sort, 1835, lbe 15 18
MOLASSES
New Orleans.....
Sugar-house..... 47 49
do. N. York..... 49 50
do. Philada..... 48 49
do. Steam..... 49 50
Trinidad..... 32 34
Porto Rico..... 32 34
Eng. French Isl.... 30 31
Hav. & Matanzas....

MACKEREL.
No. 1. bbl..... 6 50
No. 2..... 7 50
No. 3..... 5 50
OIL.
Linseed, Am. from
store..... 92 93
do Dutch.....
Whale.....gal. 45
Sperm, winter... 1 05 1 10
do summer..... 95 1 00

PLASTER PARIS.
In Del. Ware ton..... 3 00
In Schuylkill.....3 00 3 06
SEEDS.
Clover...bush. 4 00 5 75
Flaxseed, rough 1 60 1 65
do. clean cask
Timothy, bbl... 1 75 2 00
Herds...bush.....
Orchard grass 2 00
WHISKEY.
Pa. in bbls..... 32½
do. in hhds..... 28 29
do from wagons 27
WOOL.
Prime Saxony fleece
.....lb. 70 78
Am wash, full bl'd. 66½ 67½
do.....1 blood..... 53 57½
do.....¼ and ⅜ blood 50 54
do.....4 and com. 42½ 47½
Am unwashed, full bl'd 50 56
do.....1 blood..... 34 37
do.....¼ blood..... 32 35
do.....¼ and com. 26 32
Sup'r. pulled lambs 52 56
No. 1. do..... 42 47
No. 2. do..... 33 37½
No. 3. do..... 23 30
Spanish, R. F. & S.....
do lambs.....

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, November 21, 1835.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement respecting certain valuable property in Bethlehem, Pa. To men of industry and enterprise, acquainted with the business of hotel keeping, a rare opportunity for realising an extensive business, is therein offered.

In case of a war with France, Philadelphia would stand in a very precarious situation. There is not a single mounted gun on the river. Fort Mifflin was dismantled long since, and Fort Delaware, in 1833, was destroyed by fire, and is now a mass of ruins.—This state of things imperatively calls on Congress to make an early appropriation for our protection.

THE DWARFS.

The Virginia Dwarfs have returned to this city, and may be seen for a short time, at the Philadelphia Museum. There are four of these odd little beings, brothers and sisters,—the oldest being twenty-five years of age, and only three feet six inches high. The youngest is eight years old, and weighs *twenty-one* pounds. They form an interesting group, and are quite intelligent and agreeable.

A reward of $3,000 is offered in the New Orleans papers, for the apprehension of Dudley W. Babcock, late Cashier of the Union Bank at Clinton, who has absconded with funds of the Institution to the amount of about $30,000.

The regular publication of Waldie's Octavo Library, will be commenced in January. Each number will contain 24 large octavo pages, besides the cover, making two annual volumes of 624 pages each. Price for the whole $5.

A great variety of rumors are afloat respecting the state of our relations with France, but as none of them seem to be sustained by established facts, we have not deemed it essential to refer particularly to the subject. Some editors allege that King Phillippe has refused to pay the first instalment of the money due the United States, because the President has offered no apology for the harsh terms in his message; while others contend that the money has never been demanded, and that the King is entirely satisfied with the explanations given in Mr. Livingston's last letter.

The whole subject will undoubtedly occupy a conspicuous place in the *President's* message, which we shall receive in about two weeks, when the facts of the case will be officially made known.

The great chain of Rail-road, designed to connect New York city with Lake Erie, has already been commenced, ground having been broken on the 7th instant, in the village of Deposit, on the Delaware river. On the day previous forty miles of the work, embracing, it is believed, the most expensive part of the whole line, were put under contract, at the rate of $8,500 per mile. The Board of Managers appear *determined to push this enterprise forward with all possible despatch, and if Pennsylvania* is not a good deal more enterprising than she has been of late, the great work, which will give New York a double connection with Lake Erie, will be finished before we have a single loss in operation.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The New York Transcript states that a very affecting scene took place in the Court of Sessions of that city, on Saturday afternoon last, while the Recorder was passing sentence upon different persons, who had been convicted during the term. The young wife of Silas Smith, (convicted of forgery in the third degree, and adjudged to be imprisoned in Sing Sing for two years and a half,) who had been married to the unfortunate man only about three weeks, went to the cage after he was sentenced, and, sobbing and heart-broken with grief, stood kissing him through the iron grate which separated them until they were forcibly parted by officers in attendance. Secondrel as he was, she had plighted to him her faith and her affections, and, with the enduring constancy which characterises a woman's love, her feelings were unchanged even by the felon's brand which was marked upon the object of her fond devotion. When torn away from him, it was with difficulty that she could be prevented from fainting, and she left the court to sorrow over the miserable fate of the man she had hoped long to have lived with in happiness and joy—and, peradventure, become the victim of her wretchedness and grief.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAIL-ROAD.—The receipts on this road, during the year ending on the 30th September, were as follows:

For passengers,	$93,540 22
For tonnage,	169,827 88
Total,	$263,368 10
The expenses have been	156,204 38
Leaving the net revenue,	$109,163 71

The receipts of the preceding year, were $205,626 58, showing a difference in favor of the present, of $57,931 81. The number of passengers conveyed on the entire route during the year, has been 97,758. The total amount of tonnage 71,634 tons. There are now in actual service upon the road, 7 locomotive engines; 1030 burden cars on 4 wheels; 48 burden cars on 8 wheels; 44 passenger cars, of which 25 are on 8 wheels, the rest on 4 wheels.

The editors of Boston are the most lucky chaps in the world; at least we may safely infer such to be the case, after noticing the manner in which they are uniformly treated by their fellow citizens. Scarcely a week passes but one of them returns thanks for a present of a leg pumpkin, a handsome codfish, or a keg of molasses, and each seems to vie with the other in doing the "genteel thing" in a nicely pointed paragraph. Besides this, all of them have free admission to all places of amusement, and in all stages and steamboats, and as if these favors were not sufficient to prove their importance to society, a whole batch of them have recently been elected members of the legislature. Those thus honored are, Buckingham, of the Courier, Sargent of the Atlas, Walter of the Transcript, Snowden of the Farmer, and Whilden, of the Bunker Hill Aurora—all good men and true, we doubt not who will look neither real nor effigiously to serving their constituents.

TEXAS.

This beautiful country has probably, by this time, become the scene of a bloody war. Late reports speak of an engagement between the Mexican and Texan forces, which resulted in the defeat of the former, and the capture of 300 stand of arms, and $10,000 worth of provisions. Gen. Houston, formerly Governor of Tennessee, is reported to have been elected commander in chief of the military forces of the Texians.

Much sympathy for the Texians—a large portion of whom are emigrants from the United States—and great anxiety for their success in the present contest, have been expressed in various parts of the Union.—Several corps of volunteers and a considerable amount of money, have been raised for the cause. A recent public meeting in New Orleans, is represented to have been distinguished by great enthusiasm in behalf of the Revolutionists. A Mr. Fisher, who had been exiled from Mexico, for having made some free remarks upon passing events in a newspaper which he conducted at Matamoras, made an address. He stated that there are three parties now in Mexico, one composed of the clergy and military, who are for a consolidated government under a triumvirate form, with Santa Anna, Bravo, and Lucius Alamon at its head—another composed of liberals who desired to retain the federal republic, as fixed by the constitution of 1824—and a third in favor of a monarchy, and for placing a scion of the house of Bourbon on the throne of Mexico.—He stated that the aristocratic party are resolved to subjugate Texas at all hazards; and to expel all Americans from that State, and that the liberal party are as firmly resolved to sustain the Texians, if they sustain the constitution of 1824—which is now the pivot of the contending parties. If Texas prove victorious, then republicanism will triumph in Mexico—but if Texas be worsted, then a despotic rule will be substituted. He also entered into particulars concerning the present invasion into Texas, and showed that it has long been contemplated by Santa Anna.

Meetings have since been held in Boston and in New York, and subscriptions raised for the Texians. In Boston, our old friend Major Norton, who emigrated to Texas a year or two since, has been very busily engaged in enlisting the co-operation of the citizens in the cause. In this city there has been no public movement in relation to the subject.

The rail-road mania seems to prevail very generally in the southern states, and the prospect at present is, that we of the north, who take to ourselves great pride for zeal and enterprise in public improvements, will very shortly be far outstripped in works of this character. A very short time has elapsed since we spoke of the project to connect Tennessee and Louisiana—a work now actually commenced—and we are now called upon to notice another improvement still more gigantic, viz. the construction of a rail-road to connect the cities of Charleston, S. C. and Cincinnati, Ohio. This matter has been taken in hand in good earnest, by leading inhabitants of both cities, and the probability is strong that it will be vigorously pursued. At a recent public meeting in Charleston, the following propositions were submitted by a committee:

"1st. That it is essential to the prosperity of the Southern and Western States, and the full development of their resources, that they should be connected together by a Rail Road, extending from the Ohio River to the Atlantic.

2d. That such a highway, would lay open an extensive region to the North and West, which is now cut off from all commercial intercourse with the South, and thereby open a door to a trade, the extent and value of which, it is impossible for the most ardent imagination, even to conceive.

3d. That such a work is practicable, and can probably be effected in a few years, and within the means of the States through which it must pass.

4th. That the most practicable, and the cheapest, as well as the shortest route, with regard both to distance and time, must be one which shall be connected at some point with the Charleston and Augusta Rail Road, and which must, therefore, terminate at *Charleston.*"

The completion of this work will be greatly facilitated by the Charleston and Hamburg rail-road, already constructed, which may be included in the general route. It extends to Hamburg, opposite Augusta, on the Savannah river, a distance of one hundred and thirty-six miles. At the other end of the route, a railway is about to be undertaken between Cincinnati, and *Paris, Ky.* ninety miles in extent, which will leave about five hundred miles to be made, to complete the whole chain.

This is a truly magnificent project, and one which, if we may judge from the growing greatness of the western and south western states, cannot fail to pay well,

ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—*The good example of Massachusetts*, in abolishing the unnatural and revengeful punishment of death, has been followed by the legislature of Maine. A committee of that body made a detailed report on the subject last winter, and submitted the following propositions as the result of their investigations.

1st.—Capital Punishments are not enjoined upon us in Scripture, so as to impose an obligation for their continuance.

2d.—The Spirit of the Gospel most clearly forbids the infliction of any punishment having its foundation in a spirit of revenge.

3d.—Government has no moral right to take life, unless it be very clear that the public safety imperiously demands it.

4th.—The public safety in this State does not demand the taking of life in time of peace, and hence we have no moral right to do it.

This report led to the introduction and subsequent adoption of a bill abolishing capital punishment, or legalised murder, and substituting in lieu thereof imprisonment for life at hard labour. The second section of the act contains the annexed wholesome provisions:

That when any person shall hereafter be convicted of any crime punishable with imprisonment for life, all contracts of whatever nature to which the person so convicted shall be a party, shall be affected, changed, or annulled, in the same manner as they severally would have been by the death of the person so convicted. The bonds of matrimony between the husband and the wife, as the case may be, and the person so convicted, shall be dissolved; the person so convicted shall cease to have any title to, or interest in his own estate real and personal, and the same shall be treated, be disposed of, and descend, in all respects as if his actual death had taken place on the day when he was convicted as aforesaid; and all power and authority of whatever nature, which he might lawfully have, or exercise over any other person or persons, shall, from and after his conviction as aforesaid, cease and determine as if he were dead.

HARRISBURG PAPERS.

During the approaching winter it is probable that *some of our city friends may be disposed to subscribe for a newspaper printed at Harrisburg, in order to obtain a* more full account of the proceedings of the Legislature, than is usually furnished in the Philadelphia papers. The Harrisburg papers received at this office are, the Pennsylvania Intelligencer, and the State Journal.

THE INTELLIGENCER,

Is published by Henry K. Strong, who will probably give a warm support to the administration of the new Governor, Joseph Ritner, and who is a zealous advocate of the claims of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, for the Presidency. The Intelligencer was the first paper in the state that "broke ground" for Harrison. During the session of the Legislature, it will furnish full reports of the debates and proceedings in the legislature, and also of the doings of the Presidential conventions, which are to assemble at Harrisburg, during the winter. Terms $3 per year, or $2 for the session only.

THE STATE JOURNAL

Supports Mr. Van Buren for President, and R. M. Johnson for Vice President. During the late gubernatorial contest, it advocated the claims of Mr. Muhlenburg. Full reports of the proceedings of the Legislature are promised during the winter, and the editors will probably keep a very sharp eye on the doings of the antimasons, being politically opposed to the principles of the antimasonic party. The publishers are Messrs. Crabb & Barrett. The terms of the State Journal are the same as those of the Intelligencer—$3 for the session, or $2 for the whole year.

COMMUNICATION.

It is as small a return as could be made for a display of kindness and attention, that individuals can make—to express by a method of this kind the grateful sentiments occasionally entertained on account of such accommodating and to all respects generous conduct. *The Opposition Line* of steamboats plying between Baltimore and Richmond, Va., seems disposed to make and actually does make accommodations, the most generous for all who patronize it. The writer is himself, a participant of this kind and generous treatment and most cordially does he unite with the other passengers who have witnessed it, in expressing unqualified approbation of the gentlemanly and nobly generous spirit of Capt. Hoe, and proprietor Smith, of the steamer *Champion*, on the occasion of a late tempestuous passage up the Chesapeake Bay. It is well to notice and applaud noble behaviour like this, that other Captains may be incited and encouraged to "go and do likewise."

VIRGINIENSIS.

THE CAPITOL.

It is expected that Washington, during the approaching winter, will be unusually brilliant, in the congregation of the beauty and fashion of the country. The facilities for reaching the metropolis having been greatly increased during the past season, by the formation of numerous rail-roads, and especially by the completion of that between Baltimore and Washington, it is reasonable to suppose that the number of visiters will be very great. Very important changes have been made in the capitol since the last session of Congress, calculated in a very material degree, as we learn by the Georgetown Metropolitan, to promote the convenience of those who are desirous of listening to the Congressional debates. The Metropolitan furnishes the annexed article on the subject.

THE CAPITOL.—The preparations for the reception of the Twenty-fourth Congress have been for some time in active progress, in our great national palace. The painters have done their work, and the cleaners-up are following on their footsteps. Our visiters of the approaching season will not find every thing exactly in the *statu quo* of the last. In the House we have not observed any material changes; in the Senate Chamber they will find a few very salutary reforms. In the first place for the sake of the public interests we are happy, and for the sake of the ladies' pleasure we are sorry to say, that our fair politicians who take such delight in drinking the flow of Senatorial eloquence, are to be *reformed* off from the floor of the Chamber, and transferred to the semi circular gallery over head. Whether this is to be attributed to the annoyance of which the Senators used to suffer the unsparing infliction of being summoned away from their occupations at their desks, to play the gallant to their fair friends, by whose presence just behind their backs their gallantry seemed to be irresistible challenged, or whether it was thought that the immediate presence of such potent influences might dangerously affect the clearness of head requisite to their legislative duties, or whether they thought that it was more appropriate that such heavenly influences should shed themselves, star-like, from above,—we cannot say: certain however the fact is, that the 'horse-shoe,' in times past so beautiful in its crowded brilliancy, is henceforth to present the sight of nothing better than an occasional *diplomate* or *distingue*. To compensate to the ladies this politely bowed out, the gallery above has been handsomely fitted up. Every thing is new: a range of luxurious sofa seats runs round it; behind which is a covered bench attached to the wall for accommodating, we presume, the *contrôleurs* aforesaid. The pillars and railing are newly bronzed, and a rich crimson drapery will shed its favorable lights on the complexions. A door is to be opened by which immediate access can be had to the Ladies' Gallery from the north end of the building. The splendid new imported drapery for the walls, so much talked of last winter, does not appear; it was found so damaged on its arrival as to be useless. The old faded silk is replaced by very handsome damask, of a darker shade, inclining to a lead color, and corresponding well with the pillars of the Chamber.—The reporters' gallery is entirely thrown open for gentlemen, and raised desks for the reporters are put on the floor, at the two extremities of the Horse-shoe, immediately behind Messrs. Clay and Benton respectively—so that not a syllable falling from those gentlemen will be lost. In the Rotunda the statue of Jefferson no longer stands, like an uninvited and unwelcomed guest, and as if unconscious of its equivocal situation, shrinking by the wall, but by order of the President has been placed on a temporary pedestal, of marble-painted wood, a little westward from the centre. If it is to be finally accepted we hope that it will not be left in a situation in which the light shed from directly above, throws the face into one undistinguishable shadow, and entirely destroys the effect of the whole statue. The light from overhead is ruinous to marble statuary, to bronze doubly so. Persico's figures stand their exposure—such as it is—very well; a slight imperfection, however, which we did not observe before, shows itself on one of the cheeks of the statue of Peace.

CULTURE OF SILK.—Mr. W. G. Comstock, of Hartford, Conn. is about to publish "a practical treatise on the Culture of Silk, adapted to the soil and climate of the United States, by F. G. Comstock, secretary of the Hartford County Silk Society, and editor of the Silk Culturist." The work will be published in a duodecimo of 100 pages, price 50 cents. A part of the edition will be put up in elastic covers, to be forwarded by mail. The advertisement of the publisher states:

The interest in all parts of the United States in the Culture and Manufacture of Silk, manifested by the constant calls for information on the subject, has induced the publisher to have prepared a plain *Practical Treatise on* the Cultivation of the Mulberry and rearing Silk Worms, adapted to the Soil and Climate of this country and to the wants of plain practical men.

The Practical Culturist of this country needs a directory adapted to the Soil on which he plants his trees, and the Climate on which he rears his worms, without reference to Soils and Climates less congenial to their growth. It has been therefore the object of the author to make a treatise strictly practical, omitting nothing of importance to the Culturist, and adding nothing of a useless or extraneous character.

As making the raw material into *Sewing Silk* and *Twist* is very profitable to the Silk Grower, all necessary information for that purpose will be given.

HUZZA FOR UNCLE SAM.—The Cincinnati Post, of the 7th inst. acknowledges the receipt of a canister of fresh Oysters, in five days from Baltimore, being *two days ahead of the U. S. Mail.* This is said to be the second instance, in a very short time, in which the mail has been beaten by an *Oyster Wagon!*

CONGRESS PEN.

A metallic pen, designated the Congress Pen, manufactured by Joseph Gillott, exclusively for Mr. T. T. Ash, Chesnut street, appears to us, from the trial we have made of its quality, to be a superior article, both as regards its adaptation to immediate service and durability. The point is flexible, and it sheds the ink very freely, giving a clear, feint, and an even and smooth heavy line. We recommend our *friends* to give this pen a trial.

Mons. Adrian's Great Trick Exploded.—By reference to M'Makin's N. L. News Book, of Nov. 18 it will be seen that Mons. Adrian's great and mysterious feat, of causing a lady to *disappear*, by magic, has *been discovered*, and is fully and clearly explained on the books. Should we copy it, Mons. A's exhibitions would not be so profitable in other cities as they have been here.

THEATRICAL.

CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE.—Mr. Balls, the celebrated light comedian from Europe, made his first appearance, in this city, on Monday, in the characters of *Vapid* and the three *Singles*, and was favorably received by a full house. Mr. Balls, is a light, easy and graceful performer, with a pleasing appearance, a great fund of good humour, and many other requisites for a popular actor. He has since appeared as Gossamer Col. Freelove, Jeremy Diddler, Rover, Splash, and other favorite characters, in all which he has fully sustained his high reputation. We presume his engagement will not close before the end of next week.

Mademoiselle Celeste completed her engagement in this city, on Saturday night last, and performed at the Bowery, N. Y. on Monday. Her success in this country has been truly astonishing, her receipts having been in New York $12,200; Boston $13,500; Philadelphia $8,500; Baltimore $3,500; Montreal $1000; Quebec $600; Albany $120. Total $50,920. In a few days, she will proceed to New Orleans and Mobile, where she will receive nine thousand dollars for six weeks performance. There is no doubt that if she remains here another year, she will realize altogether upwards of one hundred thousand dollars.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.—Mr. Addams is playing at this Theatre with his usual success. An evident improvement in his acting is perceptible, and his popularity is rising rapidly. Mr. Hackett, the Yankee comedian, appeared on Wednesday evening, in three of his favorite characters.

Mrs. Drake is performing in Cincinnati, Ohio, before rather shabby audiences, if the statements of the Cincinnati Post, in regard to their behaviour, be true. The editor says:

We entered the pit of our Theatre night before last, the better to observe the scene between Julia and Clifford, in the Hunchback, and as we stood leaning against the wall we felt a something descending upon our head, which fell over us in dusty fragments emitting an unwholesome odour." We gazed up and beheld the legs of two *gentlemen* in the upper tiers protruding over our heads, like a rocking piece for chickens, and as one of them cracked his heels together, he loosened the dirt from his uncleaned boots, and it descended upon us. Why is our Theatre not supplied with mats, that gentlemen may wipe their boots on entering? Last night during the most interesting part of "The Wife," while Mrs. Drake, as Marianne, was defending herself to her husband from the imputations of his cousin, we chanced to cast our eyes "in front," and beheld sitting in the *dress-circle*, a gentleman and lady, he with his head resting upon the front of the box, she with her arm affectionately entwined around his neck, he pressing her hand to his lips, she bending fondly over him, and thus our attention was divided between the affectionate scene on the stage, and one equally affecting and affectionate "in front." Why is not our Theatre furnished with private boxes for lovers to *bill* and *coo* in? Again we saw a gentleman while the curtain was down, part the skirts of his coat, and and sit upon the front of the box with his back to the audience, and his feet on the seats, while he conversed with a *lady* who stood beside him.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Mr. Brough, are still at the Park, N. Y. A new opera by Bellini, called "La Somnambula," in which they perform the principal characters, has lately been produced. It is said to be better than any opera that has been performed for many years.

Fay's new novel, "Norman Leslie," has been dramatised for the Bowery. Hamblin plays Norman.—*Two debutants*, a lady and gentleman, lately appeared at the Franklin, and made a dead failure.

PAINFUL OCCURRENCE.

A few evenings since, a young gentleman, the son of one of our most respectable citizens, came into the saloon of a foreign Coffee House in Broadway, and watching his opportunity, while the bar-keeper was otherwise engaged, very deliberately stretched himself over the counter, pulled open the money drawer, and abstracted from it a quantity of silver change, amounting to about sixteen shil ngs. Thinking that he had possessed himself of his booty unobserved, he called for three plates of Sardines and other refreshments, for himself and two friends who had just entered the room; having ate and drank sufficiently, the young pilferer impudently tendered in payment a dollar of the stolen money. The master of the house examined the dollar and then the contents of the money drawer, and turning to the culprit, asked him how he became possessed of that piece. Overwhelmed with confusion at the unexpected question, he attempted to stammer out a reply. The benevolent landlord unwilling to expose him in a crowded coffee room, invited him into an adjoining apartment, and then delivered the following exhortation to the trembling criminal, which it is hoped will have a salutary effect on him. "You thought yourself unnoticed when you opened my drawer and stole my money, but you were mistaken, I saw you, and intended if you left the house to follow you into the street and recover my property; but when you called for refreshment for yourself and the other young men, I was resolved upon seeing how far your impudence would carry you. I have no fear but that you will call again and pay me for what you have had. Now give me back that which you took out of the drawer, and go home in peace, and when you return to rest, reflect upon your bad conduct, and think how near you were bringing disgrace upon your respectable family." Happy to escape so easily, the young fellow restored back the money, and without uttering a word in reply, left the house as quickly as possible.—*N. Y. Courier.*

RHODE ISLAND SILK COMPANY.

This Company, which was late the 'Valentine Silk Co.' was incorporated at the recent session of the Rhode Island Legislature, with a capital of $100,000. Their factory is situated upon Eddy st, the next building to the old glass house. The machinery, with which it is nearly filled, is propelled by a six horse power steam engine. The steam is generated with the siftings of anthracite coal, at an expense of 33 cents per day. This, till recently, useless and refuse portion of the coal is ignited and rendered about as valuable as any other, by the aid of Reynold's patent blowing apparatus. While preparing their machinery and instructing their operatives in the art, they have manufactured from 16 to 1800 yards of rich heavy goods. The number of hands has recently been very much increased, and with the additional power looms about to be put in, the company contemplate making from three hundred to four hundred yards of goods per week. Of course, as there is no domestic supply, they are compelled to manufacture foreign silk. Another year, however, they will probably derive a considerable amount of the raw material from their own plantation. This plantation is on the western border of the city, and consists of thirty-six acres of land particularly well adapted to the growth of the mulberry tree, and is already in a high state of cultivation. Upon it there is a large well finished two story house, and a barn and granary—a concurrency 150 feet long, built last spring, and about 1600 mulberry trees of very vigorous growth, most of which are five years old, and the remainder four. From these trees it is estimated that an average amount of at least 2000 pounds of wound silk may be produced per year, for the next five years, or two ounces to a tree—and for the succeeding five years double the amount. This is a moderate estimate, compared with the one made by the Boston Company, and indeed, compared with the results of experience, of those who have been engaged in growing silk in Connecticut for many years. The company are about putting out 40,000 more trees, of three years' growth, in hedges, after the Italian mode. These, it is estimated, will yield an average rate of one ounce of wound silk, to a tree per year for the next five years, or 2500 pounds per year. The total product of the farm in silk, according to this estimate, would be worth, at four dollars per pound, $10,000. One half of this amount is allowed for attendance upon the cocooner and winding the silk into a marketable state, leaving a nett profit of $5,000. In addition to this ought to be reckoned the value of the crops of corn and potatoes which the best condition of the trees will require should be planted among them. With a liberal application of fish, which abound as manure within less than a mile of the farm, it may beyond doubt, be rendered much more productive than, in the above calculation, is anticipated, and by planting in hedge rows 100,000 more trees, which it is competent to sustain, it would of course yield a manifold increase of silk. On one side of the farm is a beautiful pond from which the trees may be watered, by the aid of a force pump, in any period of drought.

The whole establishment of this Company is now in fine order, and is judiciously located and well arranged for the purpose of exhibiting to our farmers and manufacturers the mode of operating this important branch of business. The soil of Rhode Island is well adapted to the growth of the Mulberry tree, and the very borders of the roads may be appropriated to this use.—There can hardly be a limit assigned to the amount of wealth, which would accrue to this State, should its population be generally engaged in the cultivation and manufacture of silk.—*Prov. Jour.*

COMMUNICATED.

From the United States Gazette.

Mr. Chandler.—There is no truth more fully established than this, that a correct knowledge of Book-keeping is absolutely essential for the right prosecution of mercantile transactions, yet strange as it may appear, very few are thoroughly conversant with this science. No part of the education of our young man is more necessary, yet none more strangely neglected—or artificially attended to. This too is a source of general complaint and vexation among our men of business—I therefore beg to call the attention of those anxious to acquire a practical knowledge of Book-keeping, and to fit themselves for the duties of the Counting Room,—to the school kept for this purpose by Mr. R. Megonegal, at the south west corner of Race and Sixth streets, in this city. The gentleman, I may assert, without being chargeable with either duplicity or flattery—is eminently competent to impart full and correct instructions in this highly important branch of mercantile education. His system is the best possible plan on which a set of books can be kept, his manner of communicating this knowledge is easy, plain and clear, and it may be affirmed that any person of ordinary capacity, may, in a short period of time, fully qualify himself to take charge of the books of any concern in our city, however complex or extensive; and discharge his duties assiduously and with correctness. This brief testimony to the merits of Mr. Megonegal, as a teacher of Book-keeping, is dictated by no desire to *puff* into notice, one unacquainted with his calling, but simply, for the benefit of our young men and merchants—and from experimental knowledge, to "render praise to whom praise is due." Let any one go, and from actual experience, I am satisfied they will bear witness in favour of the truth of every word of the above communication.—M. nov. 21—1t*

COMMUNICATION.

A young lad, by the name of EDWIN KRAMER, aged about 13 years, left the residence of his father, in Bedminster township, Bucks county, on the 3d inst.—Had on when he went away, a blue domestic summer roundabout and trowsers, new fur hat—he is very tall of his age—pale complexion, sandy hair, speaks German only—he had with him a small bundle, and was seen in the neighbourhood of the city. Fears are entertained that he has been kidnapped. Any person giving any information of said boy, will remove a heavy burthen from the hearts of his distressed parents and sisters, at No. 176 Coates street, N. Liberties.

HANNAH KRAMER.

Editors throughout the state, will oblige the distressed family by giving the above an insertion.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Saturday about noon, a number of lads were shooting at targets, in the neighbourhood of Seventh street and Poplar lane, when a ball from one of their guns, struck the head of a child named John Higham, aged about eight years, son of Mr. Joseph Higham. The skull of the child was fractured, he ran a short distance and fell down—falling loudly upon his mother, Dr. J. Ekelton was immediately sent for—but the little sufferer died in about half an hour.

The Coroner summoned a jury, who made diligent enquiry, during the afternoon and evening, as to the cause of the child's death. It appears that the assembly of persons and discharge of fire-arms, in the neighbourhood, is of frequent occurrence, and the jury returned a verdict that the said John Higham came to his death in Poplar lane, between Seventh and Eighth streets, by injury caused by a ball fired from a gun, by some lad, whilst shooting at a target in an adjoining lot; and that it was done unintentionally. The jury present the conduct of the lads as reprehensible, and in violation of the laws; and also as an insufferable nuisance; the practice of which, by the evidence before them, has existed for some time.

SALES OF STOCKS,

At the Stock and Exchange Board of Brokers.

		per share.	value.
160 shares	United States Bank,	111¼ 111½	100
17 do.	Commercial Bank,	67½	50
71 do.	Girard Bank,	64	50
3 do.	Farm. & Mech. Bank,	67⅝ 67¾	50
4 do.	Bank of N. America,	456	400
1 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	110½	100
65 do.	Western Bank,	50½	50
250 do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	106⅛ 107½	100
303 do.	Kentucky Bank,	46¾ 47	50
250 do.	Planters Bank, Tennessee,	55½	50
117 do.	Planters' Bank, Miss.	125	100
625 do.	Northern Bank, Kentucky,	30⅜ 30½	30
99 do.	Mech. Bank Baltimore,	39½	30
23 do.	Union Bank Tenn.	64¾ 64½	50
86 do.	Agricultural Bank Miss.	124½	100
250 do.	Grand Gulf Bank,	107	100
5 do.	Wheeling Bank,	103¼	100
250 do.	N. Orleans Gas Bank,	34	30
5 do.	Mec. & Traders B'nk. N. O.	52	50
5 do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	79¼	50
4416 do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,	96⅛ 102¼	100
673 do.	Norristown Rail Road,	52¼	50
27 do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	13⅝	50
2 do.	Pennsylvania Insurance Co.	490	400
325 do.	New Castle Rail Road,	35⅛ 36½	25
100 do.	North American Bank,	456	400
100 do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	145	100
5 do.	Chesapeake & Del. Canal,	40⅝ 40¾	200
50 do.	West Philad. Rail Road.	12½	15
$3600	State, 5 per cents,	106⅞ 110½	100
$3000	Lehigh Loan, do.	96¾ 97	100
$950	State, 5 per cents,	105⅞ 106¾	100
$1426	do. do.	105¾ 106¼	100
$2000	Lehigh Loan, 6 percent.	98½	100

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

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W. A. Rushbrough, esq 2 00
Wm. L. Pust, Esq. 2 00
W. Hanks, Esq. 2 00
C. Hawley, Esq. 5 00
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Wm. Rool, Esq. 6 00
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D. H. Roy, 2 00
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Birds at Sea, seventy miles from Land.—The Charleston Mercury states that during the late gale at the south, whilst the schr. Laura, Captain Walker, was in about latitude 30, North and to the Eastward of the Gulf Stream, about 70 miles from land, she was visited by a very large number of land birds, which appeared to have been blown off by the wind, and blowing very hard from North to Northwest.—Many were swept beyond the vessel, and in the endeavour to return on board, fell exhausted into the water and perished. A great number came on board, and were sheltered in the cabin.—72 were killed and eaten by the sailors. As near as can be recollected the following kinds were identified:—red-headed Woodpeckers, Reed Birds, Mocking Birds, Blue Jays, Stone Plovers, large Blue Herons, and Night Herons. They remained with the vessel until the gale abated, when such as were able, took their departure for the land. At the same time immense flocks of wild geese were seen flying over, some of which manifested a disposition to alight on the rigging.

Chesnut Street Theatre.

MAD. CELESTE! for This Night Only!!

Saturday Evening, November 21st, 1835,
Will be presented the National Drama of the
WEPT OF THE WISH-TON-WISH.
HOPE GOUH, NARAMATTAH, } MADEMOISELLE CELESTE
To conclude with the very popular Drama of
THE FRENCH SPY!!!
Mathilde de Merio, Henri St. Alme, Hemet Carnaudy, } MADEMOISELLE CELESTE
Monday, Mr. Balls as Tangent, in the Way to get Married.

AMERICAN THEATRE, WALNUT STREET.

Saturday Evening, November 21st, 1835,
Will be presented Shakespeare's Tragedy of
RICHARD THE THIRD.
RICHARD, ... MR. ADDAMS.
After which, 1st time, a new Drama, called
BLACK ANGUS OF THE EVIL EYE.
Black Angus, ... Mr. Reed.
A New Tragedy, written expressly for Mr. Addams will shortly be produced.

PHRENOLOGY.

A COURSE of Lectures on Phrenology, will be given by G. F. Foster, M. D. at the Franklin Institute, South 5th st. between Chesnut and Sansom st. The first will be delivered on Thursday evening, November 26, at 7 o'clock—the second, on the Friday following. Paintings, engravings, casts, busts and brains, will be exhibited in demonstrating the principles of the science.

Since the visit of Dr. Spurzheim to this country, the science of Phrenology has assumed an interesting aspect, and intelligent men, of every class, have become engaged in the investigation of it. The object of the present course is to give a view to facilitate free and general inquiry into the truths and objects of Phrenology—to point out the different organs that compose the various faculties of the mind, with their full analysis—to assert its claims upon the physical, moral and intellectual condition of man.

"I speak literally, and in sincerity, when I say, that were I at this moment destitute of the wealth of India, as revelations of Phrenology have blotted from my mind for ever, I would retain the gift; nay, were every thing I possess in the world placed in one

My Married Daughter could you See

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAILY.

My married daughter could you see,
I'm sure you would be struck:—
My daughters *all* are charming girls;
Few mothers have such luck.
My married one—my eldest child—
All hearts *it* magic wins;
And my *second* so resembles her,
Most people think them twins!

My married daughter spoils her spouse,—
She's quite a pattern wife!
And he adores her—well he may—
Few men lead such a life!
She ne'er had married mortal man
Till he had won her heart;
And my *second* darling's just the same,—
They're seldom known apart.

Her husband oft has press'd my hand,
While tears were in his eyes,
And said, "You brought my Susan up—
With you the credit lies."
To make her a domestic wife,
I own was all my aim;
And my *second* is domestic too,—
My system was the same.

Now do you know, I've often thought
The *eldest* of the two
(She's married, so I may speak out)
Would just have suited you?
You never saw her?—how shall I
My eldest girl portray?
Oh! my *second* is her counterpart,
And *her* you'll meet to-day.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

EXCERPTS.

Be never certain of what has not yet happened.—*Johnson.*

That key is brightest which is most used.—*Dr. Franklin.*

The greater glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Goldsmith.*

Every man thinks all are mortal but himself.

"Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive to leave them off, 'tis being flay'd alive."

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, may serve to stop a hole to keep the wind away."

A man fights to please others not himself.

"A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still."—*Hudibras.*

Satire and wit is like the lightning's flash, which where it strikes, spread ruin and desola tion around.

Playful wit is the meteor's glance, which though it dazzles and delights, yet does no harm.

Search into those you call unfortunate, and you will find that they have been unwise.

"Our doubts are traitors—and we lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt." S. A. W.

The Barrel-Organ Nuisance.—We overheard the following conversation a few days ago between two *professors* of the barrel organ:

"I say, Bill, ow is it as you always gets so much more nor me, ven your organ isn't worth so much as mine by five shillin' and you plays nothing but old Robin Gray, and the Duke of York's March, and God save the King, and the Undred-and-Fourth-Psalm, and sich like, vile I flares up with the Unters'-Chorus, and One sweet Orne, and Bonnets o'Blue, and lots o' good 'uns?"

"Vy, I'll tell you 'ow it be; you see ven I goes to ire a borgan, I gets von as bad out o' chune as I can, vile you does nothing but luk hout for a good un. So nobody takes no notice on you; but ven I begins to flare up with mine, the gemmen hopens the vindy, and chucks me a'pence to go away.

"How many kinds of motions are there," said a professor of physics to one of his very bright pupils. "Three, Sir," was the reply. "Three! name them." "The Retrograde, the Progressive, and the *stand still motion.*"

Adventure between a Hottentot and a Lion.—The grass about us was exceedingly tall, and the country abounded in spring-boks; one of our Hottentots thought he perceived one among the grass, and crept close up to it in order to make sure of his shot, when on rising to discharge his piece, he found himself close upon a large male lion, which instantly set up a loud roar. The man fled, and being near the wagons, was not pursued by the lion. The manner in which he related the story was exceeding amusing, and characteristic of the Hottentots. "I saw," said he, "a sprink bok, which I made sure of having in the pot to-night; but when I got close to it I found it was the *governor*, I was just going to fire, when he asked me in a loud tone, 'What are you going to do?' 'Oh,' said I, 'beg your pardon. I did not know it was your honor, or I should not have presumed to have drawn so near you. I hope your honor will not consider it an insult, and I shall instantly retire.' So I scampered away a great deal quicker than I went to him."—*Steedman's wanderings in South Africa.*

An amusing anecdote of the eccentric tragedian, Mr. Booth, was told to us sometime ago by our friend Mr. C. H. Eaton. Both were engaged to perform at the same time in Washington—and the play in which they were to open was Othello. In the morning Mr. Eaton attended at the theatre, but no Iago in the shape of Mr. Booth appeared—and of course there could be no rehearsal. In the afternoon while walking through Pennsylvania Avenue, Mr. Eaton encountered the delinquent. 'Ah, Mr. Eaton,' said the latter, 'pardon me that I was not at the theatre.' 'Oh, it's of no consequence,' answered Mr. E. 'we can undoubtedly get along very well.' 'But it would be better to have a rehearsal,' rejoined Mr. Booth:—'Suppose you take my arm, and rehearse up the avenue.—They walked on, and the rehearsal proceeded. They had not gone far before the Baltimore manager met them—' Mr. Booth,' said he, 'I was in pursuit of you. I wish to have you perform at my theatre. I will give you one hundred dollars for —— nights' performances.' The tragedian answered with great gravity —' No, sir, I can't engage with you on those terms—I require two hundred and a clean shirt!' The manager smiled, 'I'm not trifling, sir, answered he—'I will give you the sum I have named.' Mr. B. opened his bosom, and displayed a shirt the 'worse for wear.'—'You see, sir, the condition I am in. Two hundred and a clean shirt.' 'Mr. Booth, I make a proper offer, sir—will you engage with me for two hundred?' 'And a clean shirt'—persisted the actor without moving a muscle. 'I have a shirt that you are welcome to,' said Mr. Eaton. 'Then, Mr. Manager,' said Booth, 'I can't engage with you. And the two walked on, while the rehearsal proceeded. They went to Mr. Eaton's rooms, where, without the least interruption of the dialogue, the shirt was produced, and Mr. B. denoded himself, and put it on—and then sought the street again. Soon the manager reappeared. 'Well, Mr. Booth, will you accede to my terms?' 'No,' answered he, displaying his bosom, '*I've got a clean shirt!*'—*N. E. Galaxy.*

A beef-stealer caught stealing a beef, by the beef itself.—A friend relates to us an amusing piece of thievery, which took place not long since, not a thousand miles from our goodly village. Two persons undertook to steal a piece of beef from a neighbour who had killed an ox and left it over night in his barn, suspended with a stick between the rafters, in the usual way. They agreed that one should mount the cross stick and cut away, whilst the other kept watch. He had scarcely commenced operations, when the stick slipt from under him, the ribs closed and fairly locked him inside the carcase, his arms extending above his head, and his feet projecting from the neck of the animal; his companion fled, leaving the prisoner to be released from his confinement by the owner of the ox, who upon opening his barn at sunrise, greeted him with a hearty good "morning."—*Logansport Canal Telegraph.*

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote was told by Mr. Murray, the manager of the Edinburg Adelphi theatre, last week, in the course of an address to the audience on the closing of the season. He gave it on the authority of John Kemble, who related it to him at the time when his prospects were not of the brightest character:—A provincial manager, whose season had been extremely disastrous, determined to make one grand effort to retrieve his fortunes, and announced a new and splendid nautical spectacle, which was to terminate with a view of the British fleet, and a magnificent transparency of Lord Rodney. Public curiosity was excited by the unusual effort and at an early hour the house was crammed. The play commenced, and the new spectacle was to conclude the evening. But alas! the artist, from whose creative pencil all this scenic magnificence was to spring, was more addicted to his glass than his palette, and, as yet, Lord Rodney and the British fleet existed only in the "mind's eye" of the distracted manager. Time flew—the play proceeded, and yet no fleet—no Admiral. Never did the famishing garrison of Gibraltar, in the memorable 1780, pant for the arrival of the gallant Rodney with more anxiety than did our helpless manager. But in vain—word was brought that the incorrigible painter was drunk in bed, and nothing remained but to state the fact, and, ruinous catastrophe! return the money. In this moment of agony, the spectatum of the principal butcher in the town presented himself, and said, "Well, Master Manager, master has heard of your home turning out so well to night, and has sent me to ax payment for this here little account," unrolling a bill of some six-and-thirty inches long. At this moment the eye of the despairing manager rested upon the blazing and good-humoured visage of the butcher, a ray of hope darted across him, he dragged his victim into an adjoining dreming room —a guinea and a bottle of wine settled the business. The butcher was decked in an admiral's uniform. An old cocked hat stuck upon his head, a sword in his hand, and placed behind a row of canvass water like a kit-cat portrait, with a ship stuck on each side of him, was my friend the butcher presented to the expecting audience as the transparency of Lord Rodney. The gods recognizing their fat friend, cheered him to the echo. The manager seized the lucky moment, rushed on and stated the facts. All was mirth and good humor—no money was returned. The next morning the painter was at his post. The fleet and Lord Rodney were finished, the piece ran seventeen nights, and saved the season.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

MOZART.

ANECDOTE.—The late Judge *Peters*, who with many excellent qualities possessed *facetiousness* in a great degree, was used to relate a joke at his own expense, which is too good to be lost.

The Judge having rode into Philadelphia from his country seat in the vicinity, dismounted from his horse opposite the dwelling of a gentleman in Market street, with whom he had business; but not finding a convenience for securing his horse, he beckoned to a man repairing the street, who, touching his hat, asked in the dialect of his country—"What 'll yer honour be plazed for till hav?" "Hold my horse, my lad," said the Judge, "while I just go into this house for a few minutes." "Plase yer honour, will he bite?" "Ah, no," "Will he kick?" "No, no." "Can one man houl him?" "Yes, my good fellow, easily." "Well then, yer honour 'll be plazed to be after houldin' him yerself."

So saying, he returned to his work, but not until the Judge, delighted with his naive wit, threw him a piece of silver in testimony of his satisfaction.

In the town of M——, lived an old gentleman of that description of lupeds yclept bachelors, who for many long rebellious years, had withstood the earnest solicitations of his friends to enter into the state of matrimony. Lately, however, he seemed to regret the long celibacy, and one evening, his friends finding him in an unusually pliable mood, gathered around him, and at length prevailed upon him to "sup the question" to a neighboring female, who, they had no doubt, was disposed to let slip no opportunity of exchanging single blessedness for matrimonial felicity. To this lady therefore, he "onward pressed his way," and knowing from experience the "shortness of time," and having a decided aversion to any thing romantic, he resolved to adopt the most concise way of "dispatching business." On knocking at the door, the matron maid presented herself, and having ascertained "her to be her," he proceeded to "explain." "Madam," said he, "my friends wish me to be married; they think you will suit me—I have no objection—I give you a night to consider of it good day ma'am," leaving the astonished dame to meditate on the proposition. On the eve of the day following, when she had proved that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," a genteel rap was heard at the door, and, with a trembling delight, she proceeded to open it, when a voice she had once heard and had never forgotten, enquired, "Well madam have you decided about the business I named to you?" She blushed and as pleasantly as she could, said something about "not wising to disoblige Mr. M——'s friends, nor go out of the order of Providence, the little time allowed her," &c. when the gallant suitor cut her short by replying, "Madam, I see which way your inclination turns—this day week we will be married."—*N. E. Galaxy.*

Anecdote of Cats.—Cats are generally persecuted animals, and are supposed to shew little attachment to those who are kind to them. I have known a cat, however, evince great uneasiness during the absence of its owner; and it is stated that when the Duke of Norfolk was committed to the Tower, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a favorite cat made her way into the prison room by getting down the chimney. Cats have been known to do their best to protect the property of their masters, as well as dogs. A man who was sentenced to transportation for robbery, informed me after his conviction that he and two others broke into the house of a gentleman near Hampton Court; whilst in the act of plundering it, a large black cat flew at one of the robbers, and fixed her claws on each side of his face. He added, that he never saw a man so much frightened in his life. A family residing at Newcastle, went one summer to Tynemouth, leaving the house in the care of two female servants. One evening when the servants were sitting together in the kitchen, their attention was attracted by a cat, which went up into a laundry over the kitchen, and then returned to them and mewed. The cat did this so often, that the girls went up stairs. When they got into the laundry, they found a man concealed in the chimney. One of them fainted, and the other gave the alarm; but, in the mean time, the man made his escape out of the window, and over the roof of the adjoining house.

A Marriage Fee in Farthings.—A few mornings ago, a young man named Saunders, a constable, belonging to the K division of Police, presented himself, with a young woman whom he was about to make his wife, and three or four friends, at the altar of Stepney church, for the purpose of being married.—The rector, the Rev. Dr. Barnaby, having ascertained that the bans had been regularly published, and that no objection was offered to the union, proceeded with the solemn ceremony, and married the young couple. As soon as the reverend doctor had concluded, and a regular registry had been made, Saunders drew forth from his pocket a canvass bag, and having untied the string, emptied its contents (432 farthings) on the vestry table, observing at the same time, that his reverence would find it all right. The reverend gentleman, who, as well as the clerk, appeared somewhat astonished at the circumstance, asked Saunders what he meant by such conduct, and told him that, as a policeman, he should have known better. Saunders replied that he did not think there was any thing censureable in his conduct in what he had done. He added, that he had made up his mind to get married as soon as he could save up in farthings as much as would pay the marriage fee. Immediately after forming the determination, he commenced putting by all the farthings which came into his hands in the way of business; and having ascertained that he had secured the requisite number, he had the bans published.—Mr. Barnaby made some objection to receive his fee in such a shape; but Saunders observed he could not see how he could object to that which was the current coin of the realm. The reverend gentleman finding that he was not likely to get any other, requested Saunders to count it; but he refused, saying that he had counted it already more than one hundred times, and therefore felt convinced his reverence would find 9s., or 432 farthings, in the parcel.—The bridegroom, with his bride and friends, then left the church.

A singular circumstance occurred while I was at Tunis. The Sapatap, or prime Minister, a Georgian, about thirty-six years of age, was sent, on account of his extreme beauty, a present from the Grand Seignor to the Bey of Tunis. The Bey became very much attached to him; and from rank to rank he rose at length to that of Sapatap.

Nearly about the same time, a young girl was sent, a Georgian by birth, and extremely beautiful. She was in time taken into favor, and placed in the harem of the Bey.

About six months before my arrival, she declared to some of the women in the harem, that the Sapatap, whom she had seen through the lattice, and whom she had not met before for sixteen or seventeen years, although living in the same palace together, was her brother. This was mentioned to him; he laughed at the idea, and said he had no relation in that land any knowledge of him whatsoever; that he had himself a very slight recollection of his family, &c. &c. This was reported to her. She sunk into a deep melancholy which brought on rapid decline; and for change of air was removed to one of the country seats of the Bey. His Highness told his sapatap, that she still insisted that she was his sister, and desired him to go and relieve her mind on the subject, as otherwise she certainly would die. He went and saw her. She was greatly agitated. 'You say you are my sister,' said the sapatap. 'Yes,' said she 'I am.' 'How many children had your parents?' 'You and myself,' she replied. 'What were their names?' She gave the names of her father and mother. 'Then,' said he, 'if you are my sister you have a scar on the upper part of your left arm, where a dog bit you.' She stripped up her sleeve and exposed the arm. He fell on her neck and embraced her. 'You are indeed my sister,' he said; but she was then dying. Dr. Heap was sent for. I accompanied him to the place of her residence, while I heard the story from the mouth of the sapatap, he shed abundance of tears. In a few days she was a corpse, and he was the most wretched of brothers—*Com. Porter's Letters.*

The Swan of Loch Oich.—A solitary wild swan may be seen on Loch Oich. It has settled there for 30 or 40 years, in summer and winter, "with arched neck between its white wings mantling." It had a mate, but about twenty years ago, the master of a trading vessel (more wantonly barbarous than the Duke of Cumberland when he burned the old Castle of Invergary) shot the bird. The Glengary swan, however, kept its solitary range. Last winter, three other swans lighted on the Lake; they remained a month or two, and it was thought the recluse would depart with them. But it had apparently no desire to change its wonted station. As swans have been known to live upwards of a century, we hope this faithful bird will escape accident and cruelty, and live through two or three generations more to grace the shores of Loch Oich.—*Inverness Courier.*

ANECDOTE.—The origin of singular names of individuals is sometimes truly laughable. In illustration of this we give the following:—The father of Return S. Meigs was born at Middletown, Connecticut. For some time prior to his settlement in life, he addressed a fair Quakeress at Middlefield, some few rods from their father's residence, and found much difficulty in obtaining her hand. She repeatedly answered his protestations of fidelity and attachment with "Nay, Jonathan, I respect thee much, but cannot marry thee—for better is a dinner of herbs and contentment, than a stalled ox and contention therewith." Mr. Meigs finally told Ruth that he was paying his last visit as a lover, and should strive to form an alliance with another family, and would therefore bid her farewell. The kind and lengthened word, pronounced with so much softness, fell upon her heart with healing in its tone; and as he mounted his horse to ride off, the Quakeress, relenting, beckoned to him to stop, exclaiming, "Return Jonathan! Return Jonathan!" Mr. Meigs went back, and fixed upon a day for the celebration of the nuptials. The first fruit of their union was a son, which the father, in commemoration of the happiest words he had ever heard spoken, had baptised "Return Jonathan," who rose to distinction, and subsequently to the office of post-master general of the United States.

When Incledon was in the zenith of his fame, he did almost as he pleased. Kemble sent to him to ask his aid in *Hecate*. This Charles was inclined to consider *infra dig.* "The national singer play this He-cat! The fact is, you may tell Mr. Kemble that it he'll play one of the thieves to my *Macbeth*, I will play a He-cat, or any cat he likes, to his *Macbeth*."

A GOOD CUSTOMER.—A certain runaway couple were recently married at Gretna Green, and the Smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave a guinea." "True," said the Smith, "but *he* was an Irishman, I have married him six times before, he is a *customer*—you I may never see again."

From the Farmers' Reporter.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

Lisbon, May 5th, 1835.

To the Editor of the Silk Culturist,

SIR—I am much pleased, on perusing the first two numbers of your valuable little "Manual," with the manner in which you have stated the probable advantages of the culture of silk to the inhabitants of America; and I wish to add a few words in confirmation of your statements.

I have manufactured silk, at Spitalfields, in London, twenty years and am perfectly acquainted with the winding, warping, and weaving of plain silks, such as Sarcenet, Satins, Grosde Naples, Florentines, Plushes, and Velvets; or figured silks, such as Flowers, Tissues, Tissues, and Damasks; all of which works require very different handlooms. In the last six months, I have woven many pounds of silk, *of American growth*, into silk stockings for Mr. James Bowman; and I assure you, Sir, that I have seen many samples of American silk, far superior to the Bengal, China, and French silks, and nearly equal to the best Italian.

I am surprised that the farmers of America have so long neglected the culture of silk; it being so very profitable, and the climate being so well adapted to it. I have known Italian silk to be sold for a dollar an ounce, in England, before it was manufactured; and the average price is about seven dollars a pound. At the present time, the most inferior kinds of manufactured silk, imported from England, France, and China, are being sold in this country, for sixteen dollars a pound; and as the cost and the profit of manufacturing cannot exceed seven dollars, it leaves the enormous price of nine dolla s a pound for the raw silk; which price, the people of America are now paying to the people of Italy and France.

By reference to the statement of M. Cartier, in the first number of the "CULTURIST," I find that nearly all his silk, sold for nearly six dollars a pound; and, that on an acre of land, he realized two hundred and ninety dollars in a year. Now when we take into consideration the disadvantageous nature of the climate of France, compared to that of America, it appears to me a mine of wealth for the farmers of this country.

In this letter, I have endeavored to show the advantages of the silk trade to an individual point of view; should you deem this worth insertion, I will in my next letter, point out the advantages of the silk trade, to the community at large.

YOURS, &c. WILLIAM CARPENTER.

WASTE AND REFUSE SILK.

In winding of the silk from the cocoons, whether perfect or imperfect, the finest and best threads are not those which are first spun out; on the contrary, the first threads which come off the cocoon are coarse, uneven, and unfit for use in the silk manufactories, either of the stuffs, twist or sewing silk. This loose, fuzzy substance, which is about one-sixth part of the whole silk on the cocoon, is called in French *flouret*, and in English *floss*, from the Latin *flosa*, flower; a name which reminds us of *tarda a non tarenda*. As soon as the threads of silk in the process of reeling come out fine and regular, this floss is separated from them and put aside for use, as will be presently mentioned. To it are added all the threads which, either from some defect in the cocoons, or from the awkwardness of the women employed in the different operations of reeling, winding and doubling, either break off so as not to be easily united to the other threads, or come out uneven or otherwise unfit for use; these are called the *waste silk*, and added to the *floss*, assume with it the same name. The mass boiled in soap and water, afterwards carded and spun in the spinning wheel, takes the name in French of *bourre de soie* or *filanelle*. Buyer, in his dictionary, translates the word *filanelle* into English by *ferret silk or flurt silk*. This last name is evidently a corruption, or an English pronunciation of the French word *fleuret, floss silk*.

This floss, ferret or flurt silk, by whatever name it may be called is employed in making silk stockings, mittens, gloves, suspenders, night caps, and, in general, all kinds of silk hosiery. I have had that the women of Connecticut knit silk stockings and mittens out of the silk which they extract from the cocoons. I shall speak of these also in their proper place.

Thus nothing is lost or wasted of the precious material produced by the silk worm. I mean by those who understand the art of employing it. Otherwise, all experiments by those who are unskilled in the business cannot but be attended with considerable loss.

There are, then, six different kinds of silk extracted from the cocoons by processes of various kinds, or which vary more or less from each other in the manner of using them, and all of which require not only skill and dexterity, but knowledge acquired by long practice. I shall reenumerate them in the order, according to their different degrees of fineness.

1. Silk of the first quality, or singles; 2. Silk of the second quality, or organzine; 3. Silk of the third quality, or tram silk; 4. Sewing silk of the first and second quality; 5 Cottonnet, or twist of ditto; 6. Filoselle, or floss silk.

The whole of the labor of extracting these different silks from the cocoons, and all the preparatory work until it is put to the mill, is done by women, who have separate tasks assigned to them in each of the various and complicated branches of this business. The workshops are superintended by an overseer, who must be master of the whole art. These are well compensated, and have no inducement to leave their country. Hence the difficulty which the nations of Europe have found in obtaining the knowledge that is indispensable for introducing the manufacture of silk among themselves. It is doubtful whether Great Britain would have possessed it, if the revocation of the edict of Nantz had not brought among them the protestant refugees from France, whose descendants even at this day are the support of the silk manufactures of *Spitalfields. Essays on American Silk.*

MANUFACTURE OF SILK IN CHINA.

The imaginary impossibility of manufacturing silk in this country, especially the finer and more delicate fabrics, has hitherto prevented skilful and enterprising agriculturists from engaging in its cultivation on a large and profitable scale. It has been supposed that American ingenuity was inadequate to the production of those tasteful and beautiful textures, which are considered so essential to the elegance and perfection of female dress, and that we must forever be dependent on the skill and ingenuity of India and Europe for their instruction. Though the inventive genius of American Manufacturers, and particularly the Yankees, has long been proverbial, yet they have hitherto by common consent accorded to their foreign brethren a decided *superiority in the manufacture of silk. It has also been supposed that European and India fabrics were constructed by aid of expensive and complex machinery* without which they could not be manufactured. It is true European ingenuity has invented labor saving machines, by which her manufacturers are enabled to complete with the native skill of China; but after all the patient and persevering Indian succeeds in the manufacture of fabrics, which, for delicacy of texture, cannot be rivalled by the European aided by the labors of the most scientific machines.

Silk looms in Europe are of the most simple construction, but when contrasted with the contrivances in India would seem to give them a decided advantage. In India the weaver weaves his web in the open air. He first selects a station for his operations, generally under a tree that its foliage may protect him from the scorching rays of the sun. He then extends the threads which compose the warp of his intended fabric lengthwise between two bamboo rollers which are fastened to the ground by means of wooden pins. He then digs a hole in the earth large enough to contain his legs in a sitting posture. He next attaches to a limb of the tree the cords by which his harness is to be operated, and to the lower shafts of the harness cords with loops of sufficient size to admit the insertion of his great toes. With his web thus arranged, he is prepared to commence weaving. This he does by putting his toe into the loop of the cord attached to that part of the harness which he wishes to tread down, and then with a shuttle introduces the woof and beats up by striking the threads of the woof with the shuttle instead of a batten. The shuttle is in the form of a netting needle and longer than the breadth of the web. With this rude apparatus he manufactures a fabric of which an Italian silk weaver would be proud.

If the silk manufacture in China is so simple and so easily performed without the aid of complicated machinery, can it not be successfully and profitably prosecuted in a country abounding in machinists, with ingenuity to invent and skill to execute the most perfect machinery in the world?

RAND'S
Introduction to Penmanship,
IN EIGHT PARTS.

THE Author, having devoted the last twenty six years to teaching, simplifying, and improving the Art of Writing, and method of teaching it, begs leave to present the art of Copy Books to the public, believing that they will be found particularly beneficial to juvenile pupils, and for those who have never written.

They are copies ily calculated to relieve the teacher from the drudgery of ruling books and setting copies, thereby enabling him to devote more time to the scholars, with infinitely more benefit to the junior pupils.

Every teacher must be aware of the difficulties which the younger pupils encounter in endeavoring to imitate the copy; it is believed these books will entirely obviate this obstacle, as the pupil cannot practice on them unless the pen be held properly.

To any one at a distance, who may wish to form a more correct idea of the system, will receive a copy of No. 5, which is a compendium of all the other numbers, on sending to No. 106 south Ninth street.

Philadelphia, September 12th, 1835.

Having carefully examined a series of copy books, entitled "Rand's Introduction to Penmanship," we find it presented of many very decided advantage over any system of instruction in that useful art, with which we are acquainted. We have therefore introduced it into our seminary, and although from its widely extended reputation, it can hardly be supposed that any work of Mr. Rand requires a passport in public favour, we feel it our duty, as it is our pleasure, to give his system our full and cordial recommendation.

JOHN PRIEST,
Rev. CHARLES HENRY ALDEN,
T. J. HAPGOOD, A. M.
Rev. JAMES WILTBANK.

Philadelphia, December 10th, 1835.

To R. H. RAND, Esq.

Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Association of Monitorial Teachers held on the 5 inst. it was ordered that the corresponding secretary be directed to transmit to you a copy of the report on Rand's copy books.

The committee appointed to examine Mr. R. H. Rand's Introduction to Penmanship, in five parts, (*The work is now complete in eight parts*) as published by him the present year, 1835, respectfully beg leave to report that Mr. Rand, and he alone has evinced at length his views, &c. and having examined the several parts of the work, the committee are decidedly of the opinion, that they will be the means of greatly facilitating the business of teaching, and of more correctly imparting to the art of writing, especially beginners, that they exhibit any thing of the kind heretofore published by Mr. Rand for that purpose, or any thing of the kind with which we are acquainted, and we cordially recommend them to teachers of public or private schools.

Signed,
J. M. COCHRAN,
H. W. CHAPMAN,
HIRAM ASHER.

From the minutes.—B. E. CHAMBERLIN, *Cor. Sec'y*
R. H. RAND, Esq.
nov 14—tf

Wanted,

JOURNEYMEN Brass Founders. Apply to Silas Frant, No. 74 North Front street, Brass Foundery.
nov 14—2*

Opiata Balsamica,
DEL DR. GUERRERO.

THIS OPIATA, a most discovery, or opium, safe and sure remedy for all species of disease in the human system, is recommended to the Medical Faculty as an invaluable medicine in Pain in the Stomach, and Bowels, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, and Diarrhœa, and is confidently recommended to the public, relative to its efficacy and safety in the above complaints, as it has been used in all cases with success.

The OPIATA BALSAMICA is given in small doses to children, accompanied with directions. Each vial contains about 100 drops, and is sold at 25 cents, or five vials for one dollar.

Also, a fine article of Lip Salve, in small boxes, for sale, accompanied with directions. Each box contains about 100 cakes, and is sold at 25 cents, or five boxes for one dollar.

Also, a fine article of Hair Oil, in small bottles, for sale, accompanied with directions. Each bottle contains about 100 drops, and is sold at 25 cents, or five bottles for one dollar.

The above articles are for sale at the Medical Depot, No. 4 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

All orders from a distance, post paid, accompanied with the cash, and directed to the proprietor, will be thankfully received and attended to with punctuality.

Also for sale by the following Druggists: G. W. Chambers, N. W. corner of Fourth and Callowhill sts., and G. Gordon, No. 11 South Seventh street.

In future, Dr. Abraham Howell's Genuine Tetter Ointment will be prepared only by M. E. Howell, widow of the late Dr. Abraham Howell. ISAAC P. HOWELL.

CAUTION.—In consequence of several spurious mixtures being palmed on the public as Dr. Howell's Genuine Tetter Ointment, the proprietor would inform the public, and more especially those afflicted, that the name of Dr. Abraham Howell will be inscribed in full on each box, and in order that full directions accompany it, a Genuine Ointment, will be accompanied with the fac simile of the signature of the sole proprietor, M. E. Howell, and no other will be genuine.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

This is to certify, that my son William was afflicted with the Tetter for about seven months, and was entirely covered on the calves of his legs, and on his arms; and spread nearly all over his body. Owing to its incessant itching, he could scarcely get any rest, more especially at night, when he was in bed—which was the cause of his getting up. He was much reduced from the wounds, to which his clothes adhered, and the removal of which, caused him much pain and occasioned his suffering. From a friend, I was completely astonished and much induced to look. I had nearly despaired of his recovery, as his complaint had baffled the skill of an experienced physician, and could find no benefit from the various medicines prepared for the like complaint; but, to my great satisfaction, I found that Howell's Tetter Ointment, which, to my great satisfaction, had the desired effect; and in a short time it entirely cured him. It is upwards of a year since he was cured, and there is no appearance of the complaint returning.

Philadelphia, Oct. 25th, 1835. CHALKLEY BAKER."
oct 3—3mo No. 10 South Fifth street.

General Agency.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Public, that he is about to open an Office, at New Brighton, Beaver county, Pa., for the purchase and sale of Real Estate, and for such other agencies as may be entrusted to him. The disposal of a number of valuable and extensive tracts of land in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, has been intrusted to him; and he is authorized by several Eastern capitalists, to draw for such sums as he may require from time to time, according to their instructions. Those, therefore, requiring services of the above description, are requested to make known their wishes verbally, or by letter, (*post paid*) early, that notes, deeds, descriptions, catalogues, terms, &c. may be put in form, and ready for inspection.

Arrangements are now in progress, by which those intrusted in village and town lots, may have them laid out, for sale, at short notice, accurate surveys, plots, drafts &c. and have them lithographed, or engraved, by Philadelphia artists with written or printed descriptions, as the case may require. Dispatch, and moderate charges, will be studied. Letters will be promptly and accurately answered at the office, where a register will be kept, for the entry of all such matters and facts as may be thought useful or convenient, to those interested. Other particulars, and references, will be given as soon.

MARCUS T. C. GOULD,
New Brighton, Sept. 1835.
sep 12—tf

Samuel Marshall,
FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

NO. 20 South Fifth street, a few doors above Chesnut, west side, returns his most grateful thanks to his friends, customers, and the public generally, for past favours, and solicits a continuance of their patronage, and informs them that he has just received a fresh supply of superior French calf skins, which he will make up to order in the most fashionable style at the shortest notice.

N. B.—Dress, opera, walking, cork sole and double soled boots of the latest fashionable proportions, warranted water proof.—Dress, dancing and walking pumps, and shoes of every description or pattern made to order.

Marshall, also informs boot and shoe makers at a distance, that after a practical experience of twenty years he has invented and intends publishing by subscription, on the first of October, his Patent Measure, which will be found a Master's Guide with diagrams and explanations for measuring, cutting and fitting leads, which will enable any person in the source of a few hours to equal in neatness and exactness of fit any boot cutter in the United States, provided the measure is adhered to. Subscription for the first year $10 and $5 for each succeeding year, payable in advance, (except the first year) on which one half the advance will be received, and the other half on the receipt of the work, and for which I will furnish the ready made boot trees, cramping handle and lasts by the best workmen in this city, and I will also attend to having calf skins and every article in the line of the best manufacture for sale to order at the shortest notice. All communications must be post paid.
sept 5—tmos

Circular.

THE Subscriber most respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a LADIES' SHOE STORE, at the above stand, (formerly occupied by Mrs. Bowers,) No. 8, corner of South and Locust streets, where he will at all times be fully supplied with a very general assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, made of the best materials, by the most experienced workmen to be met with in the city. Every variety of the above articles will be constantly manufactured on the premises, under the immediate superintendence of the subscriber, and no pains will be spared to render entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

JOSEPH EVANS.

N. B.—The business as hereafter conducted at No. 256 Market street, is the continuation of the above.
nov 11—3m

Removal.

PETER WRIGHT respectfully informs his customers and country merchants, generally, that he has removed his Shop, House and Riverside establishment, from Nos. 56 and 58 South Third street, to that large and commodious store, No. 200 Market street, eight doors below Seventh, north side, where he is now opening, (received by the latest vessels from Europe) a general assortment of new and well selected goods, comprising all the varieties of the latest patterns and colours, which in addition to his former assortment, he offers to the most favourable terms. To country retailers and dealers generally, are respectfully solicited to call and examine for themselves. They may rest assured that no exertions shall be spared to give satisfaction both as to the time and packing for sea, and the strict regard paid to the directions and wishes of those who may favour the establishment with their patronage.
jan 3—tf

TETTER Ointment.

THIS OINTMENT cures effectually, the worst cases of Scald Head, Itch, Ringworm, Pimples and Blotches on the face; and all other humors of the skin, however inveterate they may be, after having resisted the most powerful remedies prescribed by the most eminent physicians, and has constantly in hand an assortment of gum elastic suspenders, warranted and cotton SUSPENDERS made in the most modern and approved styles.

Also, silk, gauze, cotton, and worsted hose and half hose, which will be found to be of the best Bruche Frames, & warranted to retain their form of workmanship, durability and shape, to be inferior to none made.

Also, manufactures and has constant supply hand GUM ELASTIC Boots, Shoes, Gum Elastic hand Bags, Gum Elastic hand Pumps, Gum Elastic hand Purses, Gum Elastic Stuffing, Lasting shirt collars and bosoms, and ready made aprons in the greatest variety.

All of the above articles will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms, wholesale and retail.

Country merchants in general are respectfully invited to give him a call before they purchase at the old established store, No. 4 South Fourth street, N. B.—Store Trunks and Buckles for sale by the gross or dozen. Also stocks covered anew, and umbrellas repaired.
may 21—tf

Philadelphia SUSPENDER & STOCK MANUFACTORY.

No. 6 South Fourth street below Market.

A. L. TANBORN respectfully informs the Business public and Western Merchants, that he has removed his manufactory and has constantly on hand an assortment of gum elastic suspenders, and cotton SUSPENDERS made in the most modern and approved styles.

Also, silk, gauze, cotton, and worsted hose and half hose, which will be found to be of the best Bruche Frames, & warranted to retain their form of workmanship, durability and shape, to be inferior to none made.

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may 21—tf

Manufactory of THEODOLITES, ENGINEERS' Levels, SURVEYORS' COMPASSES, &c. &c.

No. 80 South Third Street, Opposite Philadelphia Exchange.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture and repair all kinds of Mathematical and Optical Instruments, and will warrant them to be at least equal to any imported or manufactured in this country. The numerous recommendations he has possessed for many years, from eminent Engineers and other scientific gentlemen, fully justify him in making use of the above language. As surviving partner of the late firm of Bisscliff & Draper, he also believes himself in possession no additional claim to a share of public patronage, as many of the high reputation supercilliously conducted by them.

☞ Orders from any part of the United States, thankfully received and punctually attended to on the most favourable terms. EDMUND DRAPER.
feb 14—1y

Silver Plate, Spoon and Fork MANUFACTORY.

Southwest corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.

THE Subscribers respectfully solicit the attention of their friends and the public to their large and splendid assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the Silversmith business or made to order in the neatest and best workmanship, and on as reasonable terms as can be had in the city.

☞ A liberal discount made to Country Merchants that may be supplied with Fur Hats on the cash or approved credit terms.
feb 7—1y

"Facts are Stubborn Things."

Botanic, or Vegetable Medicine Store, No. 61 Brown street, Philadelphia.

THE Subscriber has removed his establishment as above, with all the Botanic Medicines necessary to supply his friends and the public with the Botanic Remedies, as taught by Dr. Thompson. J. P. Howell and W. Roach. The astonishing success of the Botanic Practice, within these few years, having brought it to the notice of many, and as the *Mercury and Blending System*, and he invites those afflicted with this horrid disease, to give him a call, as they will find speedy relief from the